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# STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

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## SOCIALISM AND THE FRENCH ALLIANCE

THE agreement to negotiate a new Anglo-French alliance may be the beginning of better things in Europe. Mr. Bevin has sought it since his first days as Foreign Secretary: his patience is rewarded. The prospects of the four occupying Powers reaching a more sensible settlement for Germany are obviously improved by a substantial guarantee against the renewed German aggression that haunts Frenchmen of all political persuasions. M. Blum has every reason to be pleased. At the end of his period as Premier in a caretaker Government he retires, if indeed he does retire, with the promise of a new Entente and a guarantee of Anglo-French economic co-operation. Even in the matter of the Ruhr coal, which France feels most strongly, M. Blum has something to show. The announcement comes at the happiest moment for the French Socialists, and it was no doubt timed with this in mind.

On the economic side there is much to be discussed between the two countries. Apart from the immediate (and subsidiary) question of promoting an increase in balanced trade exchanges between Britain and France, there is the general issue how far French conceptions of a planned economy, as outlined in M. Monnet's scheme, agree and can be made beneficially to fit in with the Labour Government's plans for economic reconstruction in Britain. But M. Blum's main emphasis must have been placed on the imperative need of France for more coal. In default of British coal exports—and these are unlikely to be on a scale sufficient for French needs—the key lies in the Ruhr; and it is good that M. Blum was not told blankly that nothing could be done to increase exports to France from the British Zone. The French are entitled to inquire how it comes about that Ruhr coal production (notwithstanding the fact that the Ruhr pits are in good working condition) has failed so significantly to recover in the same degree as production in the Saar; and there will be considerable French backing for the recommendations made by last week's W.F.T.U. coal conference in Paris—that it is necessary, not merely to improve the wages, food and working conditions of Ruhr miners, but also to place the administration of the Ruhr coalfields under an International Board with an adequate expert technical staff.

On the matter of Ruhr coal, M. Blum secured no more than the minimum demands which any French Party would put forward in discussions with Britain. What other assurances, apart from the prospect of a military alliance, did he receive? The question raises the whole issue of the attitude of the British Government towards the Left parties on the Continent.

Was M. Blum given any hint that the British Labour Government would only approve and back the French Socialist Party if it either attempted to form, as in the present stop-gap stage, a Single Party administration in France, or if it entered into a grouping which excluded the Communist Party? We trust earnestly that no such promise or encouragement was given to M. Blum. He is fully aware—and so, we hope, is the British Cabinet—that the French Communist Party is now the dynamic and dominant force in the French working-class movement, and that on the Communist-controlled C.G.T. depends the success not merely of the Monnet Plan, but of any and every scheme for raising productivity, stabilising prices and maintaining the French standard of living.

As a predominantly middle-class party, the French Socialists have two courses open to them: they can become the hostages of the Right, who will first paralyse and then destroy them; or they can do their best to work openly in practical collaboration with the Communists. In that position, it may be argued, they run the risk of being engulfed. They have also, as we see it, their one opportunity to exercise influence for good. For the British Government to urge them to forgo that opportunity would be to do the greatest disservice to France and to French Socialists, whom it would split. It would also be to ignore the whole lesson of political developments on the Continent—both in the East and in the West—during the past eighteen months.

The same considerations apply in the case of Italy. The 25th Congress of the Italian Socialist Party has resulted in the minority *Critica Sociale* group, led by Signor Saragat, breaking definitely with the Left majority, led by Signor Nenni, on the issue of collaboration with the Communists. Signor Nenni had urged, not fusion with the Communist Party, but a working collaboration aimed at the defence of a democratic republic and a planned Socialist economy based on nationalisation of industries and agrarian reform. This policy was denounced by Saragat as calculated to undermine the "purity" and "autonomy" of the Socialist Party. It would, he said, "polarise towards the reactionary Right vast strata of the electorate which might be attracted towards the democratic Socialist ideal." Hence, at the cost of splitting the Socialist Party, creating a Cabinet crisis in Italy, and playing into the hands of the Catholics and Monarchists who have loudly applauded his secession, Saragat has launched a new Party, with the *Critica Sociale* and the Trotskyist "Socialist Initiative" group, led by young Matteotti and Mario Zagari, strangely coalescing under a reformist banner.

It is widely believed in Rome that Saragat's initiative had American backing; indeed, it is rumoured that he received promises of financial support from the American Federation of Labour in his stand against "Bolshevism." If this be true, it is a matter in which the British Government, we hope, will follow a line dictated not by the U.S. State Department, but by the imperative needs of Europe, if Europe is to be saved from civil strife and economic ruin. The new party which Saragat has founded, and whose aim it is to attract the floating middle-class vote from the *Uomo Qualunque* movement of Signor Giannini has still fewer roots in the Italian working class than M. Blum's Party has in France. To support it as a "pure" Socialist Party would be to back an essentially middle-class group of theoretical Socialists who have no chance of achieving power, and whose probable fate will be that of their Social-Democratic counterpart in

Bavaria—unhappy inclusion in a reactionary bloc. The Italian working class, in so far as it is not Communist, today stands solidly in the ranks of the Nenni group—one of whose ablest leaders is Lizzadri, secretary of the General Confederation of Labour.

If it is to help to obviate that "polarisation" into Left and Right extremes which Saragat deplores, the attitude of the British Government towards European Socialists and Communists must be based on recognition of one clear, incontrovertible fact. Whatever their personal or ideological preferences may be, British Ministers should stand firmly on the proposition that on the Continent the only hope of avoiding reaction and the emergence of a dangerous Clerical Fascist supremacy lies in the retention or acquisition of power by the working-class. In this movement, we believe, both Communist and Socialist Parties have a role to play; and, as Signor Nenni said in his closing address to the Italian Socialist Congress, "alliance need not mean forfeiting autonomy." The political conditions which prevail in Britain and certain of the British Dominions, where there is a safe Parliamentary majority in favour of reformist Socialism and where the question of a violent challenge from the Right does not arise, are inapplicable to Europe. There, in a situation much less stable and attended by far graver dangers, the preservation of liberty and the avoidance of chaos depend essentially on broadly based working-class unity. It is as a supporter of that unity that the British Government should take its stand.

## France and the Oil Agreement

French hostility, as we predicted, to the Anglo-American oil agreement is increasing. While M. Massigli raised the matter with Mr. Bevin, the Compagnie Française des Pétroles has been preparing to take legal action, and has now informed the two American oil companies that it is issuing a writ in the British courts. The substance of the French complaint is that the 1928 commercial agreement between the British, French, American and Dutch companies, which jointly control the Kirkuk oilfields, contains a clause under which all four partners should be "cut in" on future developments in certain specific areas. In the French view this invalidates the new exclusive Anglo-American agreement for Saudi-Arabian development. It will probably be maintained that this is a commercial dispute with which the British Government is not concerned. But both the French and British Governments have direct interests in Middle Eastern oil, and it is not denied that the recent Anglo-American agreement had the approval of the Cabinet. Politically it seems singularly inept to have completed these negotiations without even informing the French Government that they were going on. It is true, of course, that Lord Beaverbrook had failed to achieve any agreement with Mr. Ickes, and that the recent deal may make easier an Anglo-American agreement on the Governmental level. But if we understand the implications rightly, it looks as though so much has been surrendered to private American interests that the value of any later treaty between the Governments will have been largely destroyed. In that case, not only French interests will have been jeopardised but also British.

## The Austrian Treaty

Many points of principle have yet to be settled before the Foreign Ministers' Deputies, who have begun their discussions in London this week, reach the drafting of a Peace Treaty for Germany. In the case of Austria the problem is simpler. Austria, it is agreed, is to be an integral independent State; an elected Austrian Government has been recognised; and the status of the South Tyrol has been settled by agreement between Austria and Italy. Nevertheless, there are still controversial issues, affecting reparation claims on Austria and her economy. If credence is to be placed in reports which are circulating in Vienna as to the terms of the American draft of a Treaty with Austria, Big Four agreement may be difficult to secure. According to these reports, the main concern of the American draft is to safeguard the rights of foreign capital in Austria. All Allied properties in Austria, including those sold to German banks after the *Anschluss*, are to be restored to their former owners; and Austria is to recognise all debts incurred before the war. Allied concerns established, or to be established, in Austria are to receive equality of treatment with Austrian-owned concerns; and any one of the Allied Powers is to have the right to veto any trade or economic agreement made by the Austrian Government which, in its opinion, impairs "Austrian independence." Thus the United States could ban any economic *rapprochement* between Austria and other Central European States. These provisions in the American draft (which is, however, understood to be in process of revision) will be interpreted by the Russians and by a majority of Austrian Socialists as an attempt to turn Austria into a colonial dependence of Western capital. Still more obnoxious, however, from the Russian point of view, is a proposal which the Americans are reported to have in mind, that all D.P.s in Austria should be given rights of Austrian citizenship. The number of D.P.s exceeds 500,000; some of them are certainly active Fascists from the Balkans and Eastern Europe now sheltering in Austria. The U.S.S.R. will almost certainly demand their removal from Austria as a guarantee that Austria will not become a base for reactionary intrigue.

## Grand Alliance and United Nations

The Senate's immediate and unanimous endorsement of General Marshall as Secretary of State was both a tribute to the man and a demonstration of American unity in foreign policy. The nature of that policy was clarified last Saturday night by the statement of Senator Vandenberg, who is the most important figure in American foreign affairs today, not excluding Secretary Marshall, ex-Secretary Byrnes and the shades of Franklin Roosevelt. The chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee made it clear that he and his party stood for a tough foreign policy. "If one day," he said, "some aggressor leaves the United Nations in order to be free of its restraint, the rest of the world has ready at hand the well-geared machinery for another and immediate Grand Alliance swiftly and overwhelmingly to confront the offender." Vandenberg is an honest advocate of the United Nations' structure, but he is backed by a party which regards international debate as a form of appeasement, and which suspects all the inventions of Roosevelt—such as the United Nations—of being part of the Communist International. To get Republican support, Uno must be represented as an extension of American power to support what the U.S. considers right. Apparently the Kuomintang is to receive the benefit of this support in the face of Marshall's impartial report. It is easy to guess what the effect of such pronouncements will be on the Kremlin, trying to decide whether it should relinquish some of its right of veto and so expose its policies to the majority vote of the United Nations. The gap even between "internationalist" Republicans and the real problems of international co-operation is still large.

## America's Economy

President Truman's Budget message and report on economic affairs were an encouraging sign that the President intends to use his position to publicise the facts of economic life so neglected in the United States. He urged that taxation should remain high enough to ensure a slight surplus "as long as business, employment and national income remain high." At the same time he emphasised that the country would only remain prosperous if it could dispose of a national product amounting to about $200 billion worth of goods; it was therefore essential to keep up real wages and to stimulate exports by increasing imports. The Republicans, however, have reiterated their pledges to reduce taxation and effect economies in the federal expenditure. Since it is not politically convenient to make these cuts in the $11 billion estimated for the armed forces, or the $7 billion for veterans, they will presumably come from the "New Deal" agencies which give the Government some control over business, from the $2 billion allowed for social security for all those who are not veterans, and possibly from the $3½ billions allocated for international expenditure. Senator Vandenberg's endorsement of the reciprocal trade programme of tariff reduction is encouraging, but it is hedged around with conditions. The fact neither Truman nor Vandenberg is prepared to face is that, if America is to take its place in the world economy as a creditor nation, it must not merely reduce its export surplus but reverse its traditional balance of payments by accepting a heavy import surplus.

## National Electricity

The Electricity Bill, whose text was issued at the end of last week, is likely to have a smoother passage than the Bill which Mr. Barnes has to pilot through Parliament for the nationalisation of transport. The holders of electricity stocks will, of course, join with railway shareholders in complaining that they will suffer a loss of income: the 4 per cent, or thereabouts, which they have currently been getting on electricity shares will be cut in all probability to a little over 2½ per cent on the proposed "stock exchange values" basis for taking over the private undertakings. So far, however, as the principles of reorganisation embodied in the Bill are concerned, the case for nationalisation is irresistible; and even the McGowan Committee, which reported in 1936, looked towards the "ultimate public ownership of all undertakings." Apart from the need to simplify charges and standardise systems of supply and types of fittings, nationalisation of the whole electricity industry, from generation down to retail distribution, is the only logical and workable means of securing well-planned development—particularly in rural areas which have hitherto been left to the mercy of a multiplicity of companies, whereas in some urban areas local authorities have provided cheap and efficient supplies. Under the Bill, the country is divided into 15 well-balanced regions which will be run, so far as the distribution of electricity is concerned, by area boards, subordinated to a national Electrical Authority which will be responsible for generation and high-voltage transmission. Consumers will be represented on each of the area boards; but on the major issue of policy—how far there is to be uniformity of charges throughout the country—the decision will rightly rest with the Minister. The Bill is, in our view, a sound and commendable measure.

## Poland on Election Eve

The closer the approach of polling day in Poland the more questionable does it seem whether the election should have been held at this juncture. Whether the Polish Government feels secure enough to desire "fair" elections, and whether the Opposition want them to be "orderly," or are prepared to abide by their results, are equally disputable. With the publicity resources of the British and American news agencies and press (as well as Warsaw radio) at his disposal, M. Mikolajczyk has been proclaiming to the world that his candidates have not merely been struck off the electoral lists, but have been imprisoned and maltreated by the Security Police. The Government's case is that stories of the arrests of members of the Polish Peasant Party (P.S.L.) are wildly exaggerated; that arrests have been made only in cases where there were definite charges of complicity with the N.S.Z. or W.I.N. terrorist organisations; and that stern action by the Security Police is justi-

fied in view of the fact that in the past month over 30 members of the polling commissions have been murdered.

Having at one time shown an inclination to boycott the election, the P.S.L. has finally decided to take part in it, notwithstanding the fact that ten out of its 52 electoral lists have been banned; but it is rumoured in Warsaw that the Government Bloc, which expects to secure at least 60 per cent. of the votes cast, may declare the P.S.L. to be an illegal party after the election, on the ground that it has ample evidence to prove that the party is implicated with terrorism. The Government, notwithstanding its commendable record in economic and social reforms, is damned automatically in the eyes of many Polish patriots by reason of its pro-Russian attitude; and M. Mikolajczyk, with the backing of the ultra-reactionary Catholic Church in Poland, has probably a greater hold over the largely illiterate Polish peasantry than the Warsaw Government would care to admit.

How far he and his Party have been discredited by the recent series of trials of terrorists is a moot point. What is certain is that the latest trial —that of Count Grocholski and his associates— has discredited the British Government, even in the eyes of Poles who are desperately anxious for good relations with the West. The Military Court, which has condemned Grocholski to death, found him guilty of spying for a foreign Power. This verdict, in so far as it implies that the Ambassador was an accomplice, will certainly be rejected by the British Foreign Office; and judgment must be suspended as to the precise motives which led to Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck's friendship with Grocholski.

In his evidence, Grocholski appears to have stated that he had acted as a liaison officer between the terrorists and the Ambassador; and in Poland the impression is left that the British Government has been maintaining in Warsaw, as in other Eastern European capitals, an "Ambassador for the Opposition." The Poles, well aware that Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck during the war was head of our Joint Intelligence Staff, and noting his friendship with people bitterly hostile to the Warsaw régime, readily assume that he has been continuing his Intelligence work. They draw the most damaging conclusions from his appointment to Warsaw while the Anders army still exists, with our sanction, as an organised force, and Britain still finances representatives in London of the former Polish Government.


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# THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE

THE unofficial strike of transport workers in London soon developed into a crisis whose importance is far greater than the particular issue involved, or even than the inconvenience caused to millions of housewives. It has forced on the notice of a reluctant public and an equally reluctant Cabinet a problem which, if left without solution, will threaten the whole fabric of the Government's economic policy. Part of that problem—but only part—is the cumbersome and tardy machinery of negotiation; part is the top-heavy and undemocratic structure of certain Unions, in particular the Transport and General Workers. Part is the vague but disturbing feeling that Morrisonian Socialism on the L.P.T.B. and B.B.C. model, by substituting impersonal and remote Boards of Management for the capitalist boss, has failed to realise the dream of workers' control. But all these factors are of secondary importance in comparison with the central issue, to which we have frequently drawn attention in the last twelve months—the lack of any wages policy in a period of full employment. The London lorry driver, intent on his special claims against the employer and special grievances against the Union bureaucracy, has probably never bothered his head about such an abstract problem. None the less, the violent sense of injustice—which produced first the dock strike last year and now this new strike in London, and which may enlarge the "go-slow" at Stratford Junction to a nation-wide action by railwaymen—arises from a demand by certain depressed categories of workers for a radical recasting of the whole wage-structure of the country.

Consider the facts of the present dispute from the strikers' point of view. Road haulage was one of the last major industries to be unionised. To achieve the abolition of its worst scandals, Mr. Bevin made the last threat of strike action in his career. But, despite the efforts of the Transport and General Workers, it remained a backward industry from the workers' point of view. Like the coal miner, the cotton spinner, the foundry worker, the railwayman and to a lesser extent the agricultural labourer, the lorry driver can rightly complain that, despite recent advances, his status lags far behind that of the engineer or the linotypist, to name only two of the aristocrats of the Trade Union movement. He sees no reason why, when a labourer or untrained girl in the motor industry receives five or six pounds for a five-day week in a modern hygienic factory, he should remain content with lower wages, far longer hours and far worse conditions in a responsible job of national importance.

The Union official, immersed in complicated negotiations and accepting the present wage structure as a law of the Medes and Persians, points proudly to his record of accomplishment in securing this or that concession for the workers in the backward industries. Too often he fails to recognise that the wage demands of his members and their unauthorised strikes are a reaction against the wage structure itself. If he is truly to represent the radical temper of the workers in these industries, he must be prepared to face some very embarrassing questions about certain assumptions which he has made without question throughout his active life. Why should a highly skilled spinner, for instance, who during the war worked as a semi-skilled dilutee in a Midland aircraft factory, now return to his trade in Bolton if he knows quite well that he will lose a couple of pounds a week by doing so? Why should a plasterer go back to building houses when he can earn far more as a semi-skilled worker in engineering? Why should a man stay on the railways when he sees his neighbour earning easy money at the factory near by? And, alternatively, if men are prepared to listen to Government exhortations and to stay in these essential industries, why should they accept bad conditions now that the threat of unemployment has been removed?

The unbiased observer who has studied the modest claims put forward by the London strikers must have been chiefly shocked by his own ignorance of conditions in the road haulage industry. How many of us realised, before this unauthorised strike forced it on our attention, that lorry drivers can be made to work ten hours or more in one day without overtime, that they have no 44-hour week, no fortnight's holiday with pay, and that their demand to have these palpable injustices remedied had been for nine months under discussion before they were turned down? It is not really surprising that when conditions are so bad and negotiating machinery so slow, the consequence has been an unauthorised strike which shows all the marks of efficient organisation and solidarity which distinguished the dock strike a year ago. It will be said that, by taking things "unofficially" into their own hands, the men have put themselves in the wrong and forfeited the support of public opinion, and that in the circumstances the Government had no choice but to call on the Armed Forces to maintain an essential service. It is undeniable that the men are legally in the wrong and that the Government had no choice. But it is precisely the fact that the Government *had* to use Armed Forces and that the men, from their point of view, *had* to strike which makes the position so serious.

As for the forfeiting of public sympathy, the Cabinet should be wary of facile generalisations. Among organised workers there does not exist the easy condemnation of unauthorised strikes which is fashionable in middle-class circles, to say nothing of Transport House. The average trade unionist does not believe the stories of Communist penetration, or rather does not accept them as an explanation of unauthorised strikes. He knows only too well from his own experience the deficiencies of Trade Union bureaucracy and the remoteness of the negotiations which take place in his name. And he tends to assume that the chap who takes part in an unauthorised strike usually has a pretty good justification for doing so. When he thinks it over carefully, he accepts the necessity for the Government to use troops in an emergency, though he bitterly resents it. But that does not mean that the striker forfeits his sympathy. He knows very well that the time may come when he himself will be forced into the same desperate remedies. The rank-and-file instinctively both sympathise with the strikers and support the Government, and they are uneasily aware that there is something seriously amiss in a situation which so sharply divides their loyalties. It is no use for Mr. Strachey to express the hope that the strikers "will not take the Government amiss," or for other Cabinet Ministers to repeat once again that the Government is unwilling to interfere in a matter which it is for the Unions to settle with the employers. Those who voted Labour into power in July, 1945, are apt to think that "their" Government cannot be neutral in any issue involving the rights and conditions of the workers.

It is constantly urged by Tory economists that Socialist planning is impossible without direction of labour. Since men will not voluntarily prefer dirty and ill-paid work to clean and well-paid work, compulsion must be used to man the backward industries. The Government has rightly rejected direction of labour, but it has not explained the alternative, now that hunger and unemployment no longer function as recruiting agents for unattractive industries. Plans for increased production will be ineffective until this is done. Indeed, unless the Government announces a wages policy in the near future, the present small-scale transport strike will be repeated in many other industries where the use of troops will not offer even an emergency solution.

We suggest that, as an interim policy, the Government, in co-operation with the T.U. should work out a plan for temporarily fr

wages in industries where conditions are tolerable and labour relatively abundant and for a rapid improvement in wages and conditions in a list of vital industries which are notoriously backward and consequently starved of man-power. Among the industries are coal-mining, foundry work, textiles, building and road- and rail-transport. If the production drive is to succeed, these industries must not only be made tolerable to those at present working in them, but attractive to the sorely-needed recruits who are now overcrowding the better-paid industries. Simultaneously, serious attention should be given to the three kindred problems of limiting profits in industries where wages are frozen, of increasing managerial efficiency, and of satisfying the workers' demand to participate in managerial responsibility.

We are confident that the whole attitude of the working-class towards the Government's production drive would be transformed if they knew that their leaders were working out a plan of this kind. They believe vaguely, but sincerely, in a Socialism which means not merely nationalisation but the abolition of industrial castes and of the present gulf between management and men. That troops have had to be used in London is a proof, not that the London transport worker has become unreasonable, but that the Cabinet and the T.U.C. in their concern for legislative Socialism have overlooked the equal importance of industrial democracy. That is the real lesson of the transport strike.

# TOWN AND COUNTRY PLANNING

In our last week's issue we commented in general terms on Mr. Silkin's Town and Country Planning Bill; but there had been at that stage no opportunity of studying the Bill in detail, or of getting more than a quite general impression of the purport of its eight Parts, divided into 108 Clauses and heaven knows how many sub-Clauses, and its nine Schedules, in which some of the really important provisions are contained. Now that we have studied it, we are more than ever disposed to ask whether it would not have been a great deal simpler and better to nationalise the land outright, and to ruminate sadly on the reasons why this solution has been set aside. These reasons, as far as they have really counted, are presumably three. In the first place, land nationalisation was not included in the Government's election programme, and, if it were put forward now, there would be accusations that the Government was exceeding its mandate. Thus the Opposition, including the House of Lords, would be able to ride off on this issue instead of having to discuss the merits of the Bill. Secondly, the detailed work needed for preparing a Land Nationalisation Bill has not been done, whereas the Civil Servants have been wrangling for years over the details of a measure based, in its broad outlines, on the Uthwatt compromise. Thirdly, there is so much in the Bill that has been put off too long already that it is out of the question to defer action any longer. Some sort of Act has to be got into force at once to serve as a basis for the planning which is being held up for want of it.

These are cogent reasons, and there is probably no way of getting round them. It is, however, a very great pity; for any measure short of public ownership is bound to create all sorts of complications and anomalies, and it will not be long before the whole job will have to be done over again. Nevertheless, in the circumstances, it would be vain to quarrel with the Bill for not embodying the obviously correct solution; and, this once admitted, the scheme that has been worked out is not too bad. It is undoubtedly correct to make *all* development value in land public property, as the Uthwatt Report proposed to do; and it is no less assuredly correct explicitly to deny any *right* to compensation for loss of development value—for the main weakness of the Uthwatt proposals was that they opened the door wide to a host of marginal claims which there could be no real means of assessing. The denial of a *right* to compensation, coupled with the provision of a very large capital fund for meeting all cases in which any real and verifiable loss is sustained, is a very neat way round this difficulty; and though there is no indication of the way in which the capital sum of £300 millions was arrived at, it does not seem likely to be too little now that the marginal claims have been lopped off—for these were presumably included in the total of £400 millions estimated previously as the value of all development rights. There will remain a great many difficulties in the assessment of individual claims; but that is nothing against the he[illegible] and it was certainly wise, while reserving the repo[illegible] of the House of Commons, not to overburden the measure with a detailed plan covering the compensation conditions.

We have put this part of the Bill in the forefront; but it is only a part. A large section of the Bill deals not with "compensation and betterment," but with Town and Country Planning in general; and this section is entitled to really warm praise. At last the obviously sensible distinction has been drawn between the two quite different functions of drawing up a broad plan of development for a fairly wide area, and filling in the details of such a plan by applying it to the narrower localities within such an area. The confusion between these two functions—that is, broadly, between Regional Planning and Local Planning—has been responsible for an immense amount of mischief. It has indeed done as much as any other factor—even compensation difficulties—to prevent planning in practice. The Government has now gone as far towards clearing things up as it is possible to go within the present most unsatisfactory structure of local government. It has made the County and County Borough Councils the authorities for drawing up the main town and country plans, in consultation with the smaller authorities, but has left large powers of delegation to the latter in the details of planning and also has provided for them to be the main executants of the plans.

The weakness of this new allocation of functions is, of course, that it makes no provision, except through the creation of Joint Planning Boards, for collaborative action between the County Boroughs and the County Councils, though many, if not most, of the suburbs of our big towns lie beyond the borough boundaries. This weakness was unavoidable unless the Government had been prepared to include in the Bill a major reform of local government by providing for the creation of Regional Authorities. Such a reform is very badly needed, but it will presumably have to wait until the Government is ready to tackle the main problems of local government reorganisation. In the meantime the Minister is given power to order the appointment of Joint Planning Boards, after local inquiry, even without the consent of the local authorities concerned; but it is another matter whether he will be able to make them work.

In general, however, this part of the Bill is thoroughly well conceived. It is excellent that for every area a broad plan is to be made within the next three years, and that such plans can be brought into force without waiting for the detailed planning of each locality. It is excellent that local authorities are to be given wide powers to acquire land not only for their own schemes but for leasing to other agencies interested in its development, and no less excellent that their own powers to carry out development schemes are to be made much wider than they have been hitherto. It seems further that the grants from the central Exchequer in aid of local schemes are intended to be on a generous scale, and that local authorities are to be definitely encouraged to acquire the whole of the areas that need extensive replanning and rebuilding, not only in blitzed or slum districts, but also elsewhere.

The Bill's weak spots are just where one would expect them to be—in the Clauses dealing with compensation and betterment. It is, to be sure, an enormous advance that the deterrent cost of compensating landowners for loss of "development value" will no longer fall on the local planning bodies, but will be borne centrally out of the funds in the hands of the new Central Land Board. This, however, will not prevent local authorities from having to pay a high price for land they want to clear and "loosen" when its value *in respect of its existing use* is high; and accordingly there will be still serious financial obstacles in the way of decreasing congestion in existing built-up areas. It seems, moreover (though the provision is not easy to understand), a large loophole that the consent which is to be needed in future for all development involving a change in the use of land is not to apply to the erection of new buildings where there is no change of use. Clause 10, in which the relevant provisions are embodied, is very obscurely drafted; there is, in its second sub-Clause, an apparently harmless little word "and," which seems to open the door pretty wide to escape for any developer who can plausibly argue that the purpose for which he wants to use a piece of land is "of the same class" as the purpose for which it is already being used, even if, in fact, a very great change is being made.

About the provisions for the levying of "betterment" charges there is almost nothing to be said, because the Bill leaves the entire question in the air. Every "developer" will have in future to pay something to the State as owner of the development rights, but on what principle this charge is to be levied the Bill does not indicate at all. It is to be done by the Central Land Board "in accordance with regulations made from time to time by the Minister with the consent of the Treasury," and the only limit is that the levy will not exceed the estimated increase in site value due to the development, and may be less. The would-be developer will be under an obligation to pay, or to cover, the development charge before undertaking his proposed development; and it will be open to him, as an alternative, to ask the Central Land Board to buy the land outright and to lease it to him at a charge covering its entire value. Sums recovered in development charges are to be set against the £300 millions assigned for purposes of compensation to landowners; and the Central Land Board is to be required to repay this sum to the Exchequer in twenty annual instalments. It is not quite clear from this whether the Board's receipts are meant necessarily to cover all its outgoings in respect of compensation; if they are, it is not apparent how the requisite balance is meant to be secured.

These observations cover, of course, only the outstanding features of a very complicated and comprehensive Bill. It is unfortunate that, despite its 108 Clauses and its nine Schedules, so much has had to be left to be filled in by subsequent orders and regulations—so much, not merely on questions of detail, but involving principles of high importance. The Bill will inevitably be shot at because of this, as a further example of the dangerous practice of "legislation by order"; but this feature of the measure simply could not have been avoided unless the Government had been prepared to cut the knot by proposing to nationalise the land outright. Thus, its two greatest weaknesses—the failure to lay down clear principles for either compensation or the levying of development charges, and the reliance on Joint Boards to do the concerted planning for County and County Borough areas—both arise out of the difficulty that there is no good way of dealing with the problems involved without going beyond the limited programme on which the General Election of 1945 was fought and won. This leaves two things clear—the programme for the next General Election must include both complete public ownership of land, urban and rural, and comprehensive Local Government Reform. Meanwhile, we must make shift with a planning measure which cannot be more than a second best.

# A LONDON DIARY

GENERAL AUNG SAN, head of the Burmese delegation, with whom I had a talk the other day, looks like the guerrilla fighter he is. But, like all the other Burmans I know, he has an admirable sense of humour, and changes quickly from a dour and formidable mood into gaiety and good temper. It is not surprising if the Burmans are suspicious; the delegates, who I think, with one or two exceptions, have never before been to Europe, have always regarded Britain as the imperialistic enemy, and will naturally take some persuading of our good faith and readiness to concede genuine freedom to their country. The General's reply to Mr. Attlee's speech of welcome contained one or two significant phrases. He is clearly anxious to forestall any suggestions that the Karens or other hill-tribes run the risk of being absorbed when Burma gains her independence—which he suggests should be possible within a year. Burma does not present the complexities of India. Her population is about 17 millions, and, though the Shan and Kachins and Karens are racially distinct from the Burmans, they are not divided by the religious and communal differences that are so fatal in India.

* * *

The fact that we resort to a foreign language to find a name for the *agent provocateur* is supposed to show that he is not native to our legal system. But he has lurked about in the English scene for so many centuries now that it might be more honest to acknowledge and translate him. There may be criminal cases whose nature requires that, if the necessary evidence is ever to be obtained, we must employ people who will lend themselves to the commission of the crime. This is repugnant to us because, in fighting crime as in nearly losing wars, we have always preferred to wear gloves. Magistrates have recently spoken strongly about the admitted use of *agents provocateurs* in food control prosecutions, and we all instinctively share their repugnance to the use of *agents* to enforce laws that at best we accept as necessary evils. Can we draw a distinction between using such means to catch the big "behind-the-scenes" man and to get a prosecution against the local grocer? Most of us would like to see the *agent provocateur* kicked out, never to be heard of again. (Many of us, by the way, would lend a helping hand to an escaped convict). But we must not bully Mr. Strachey and his enforcement staff too much about their methods unless we can suggest other, less repulsive, ways of dealing with black marketeers. We have got used to the policeman in the unregistered club, without ever getting to like him; but he fights an evil far less serious and widespread than the black market, which has repercussions on an international scale.

* * *

Some of the champions of private-ownership in British railways make me cross. They actually have the cheek to tell us that the dreariness of British railway stations is due to lack of paint and to restrictions on food! They must take us for fools. When there was all the food and all the paint in the world how shabby and mean the stations were! Never was lack of enterprise and taste more clearly exposed, never was the public interest more obviously subordinated to the demands of shareholders. What an opportunity was here for people of imagination with a thought for common happiness! A railway station is of all other places the jolliest and most fertile chance for the architect and the caterer. It is a place where people have to wait and where they have time to talk and get acquainted, a place where lovers meet and old friends part, the natural rendezvous where you want a cheerful room for a meal and a drink, where you can buy, why not?—the little things you desire on a journey and are likely to have forgotten, the place where you may, at worst, have to spend long hours in the night and need warmth and comfort. Only in a few of the big terminal stations have the railway companies even thought in recent years of supplying any of these needs, and if you want to see how far they supply them today, go and look in the waiting-room at Victoria or King's Cross any dark, cold night. And don't say that that sordid spectacle is due to the war and post-war shortages. Our anger is too easily stirred by memory. We recall, in the piping days of peace and plenty, the dirty little station restaurants and the ill-lit, ill-warmed waiting-rooms on a hundred wintry days in a hundred provincial railway stations. I sometimes wonder whether these blind apologists for unnecessary human misery have ever travelled, say, in Switzerland, where the railways belong to the nation?

* * *

I see that the Hampstead Protection Society is appealing for £30,000 to buy two houses and their grounds close to Jack Straw's Castle in order to add them to the public Heath. The plan has already been approved by the L.C.C. and, if the money is raised, it will enlarge the Heath by nearly four acres. A friend who has made a study of Hampstead history tells me that the successive purchases during the last hundred years have almost trebled the original size of the Heath. It was a hard fight to save the Heath from the speculative builder in the early nineteenth century, but once that battle was won, over half a million pounds had to be spent on buying the additional five hundred acres of Parliament Hill, Ken Wood, and the other smaller extensions. Compared with the cost of those earlier purchases, the new acres seem expensive. But the public has always found the money in the past to save or extend London's finest open space. Any one who wants to contribute on this occasion can send a donation to Mr. C. Longley, at Lloyds Bank, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

* * *

I received a call this week from a Mr. Henry Cooper, who showed me a writ which he proposes to serve on Ernest Bevin. As a citizen he charges the Foreign Secretary with wilful misrepresentation, and solemnly argues that a Minister who fails to fulfil electoral promises (as he declares Mr. Bevin has done) should be liable in the courts, just as he would be if he had profited in a commercial transaction by false pretences. Mr. Cooper tells me that he was in the Lancers, fought in South Africa and in the war of 1914-1918, and at one time was the master of a flourishing dancing studio. He believes he has the clue to real democracy.

* * *

I was first introduced to the persimmon by Upton Sinclair when I visited him some years ago at his home in Pasadena. He bought them at one of those gorgeous Californian bazaars where your eyes are dazzled with mountains of oranges, grapefruit, apples, apricots, peaches, grapes, persimmons and a score of other splendid fruits in their season. He was shocked that I had never tasted persimmons and put a pile of them into my hands as the *Chief* left the station on its way across the painted desert to Chicago. Until this year I have never seen them in this country, except, rarely, at a few luxury shops. Last November they were here to buy, first at half-a-crown apiece; then they dropped to 2*s.*, 1*s.* 10*d.*, and, recently, they were going on a barrow at 6*d.* along with tangerines (which have also actually fallen from 6*s.* to 1*s.* a pound). The costermonger explained that the British public has not taken to persimmons; he thought it was because they were no use for cooking. A greengrocer gave a better explanation. No one, he said, had told people about them; first they took them for tomatoes and were disappointed. In fact the British are so conservative in matters of food—they are even slow to buy cranberries—that they will not experiment unless they know all about a new fruit and just how to eat it. Persimmons, I grant you, are a bit awkward to eat until you know how. The juice runs all over the place and the inside is both hard and soft. A Chinese friend who herself possesses an orchard of two hundred persimmon trees, first showed me the trick. You cut out the hard triangle where the stalk grows. It comes out neatly, making it easy to divide the persimmon into four pieces from each of which you remove the skin. Eaten like this, with the skins off, persimmons remind me of feasts described in the Arabian Nights.

* * *

"Yes, we've had everything," said Mrs. Smith at the local. "Rain and then frost on the top, snow and fog and then a wind fit to blow the house down. A proper cocktail it was we had last week." But for once Mr. Park was satisfied. "The most seasonable year," he said, "we've had for many a long day. Rain in the autumn when we ought to have got it, and then good steady frosts. They ought to last on into next month, and then you get thaw with little storms of snow and rain that don't do any harm, and you've got the frost over the time the buds are on, and nice warm weather to follow. That was how winters used to be when I was a boy." CRITIC

## OLEAGINOUS

*They will endeavour . . . to further the enjoyment by all States . . . of Access on Equal Terms . . . to the raw materials of the World.*
Atlantic Charter.

World-wide suspicion is increased
By contracts in the the Middle East
Whereby monopolies have leased
The total oil concession.
Wherever master-minds discuss
These treaties oleaginous,
They make a most malodorous
Political impression.

The critics note the startling fact
That this monopolistic pact
Hogs world supplies, if we subtract
Caucasian and Rumanian;
Restrictive measures will expel
The rival for the Persian well
Now the American cartel
Ties Anglo with Iranian.

They say this anti-social group
Make even Governments their dupe
And make high-minded nations stoop
To sordid business barter,
Forgetting firms with States combined,
Are now trustees for all mankind,
All parties having freely signed
The great Atlantic Charter.

Wherever oil investment goes
And petrol through the pipeline flows,
The waste will blossom like the rose
Throughout Arabia (Stony)
The oil-bearing Persian slum
A Persian garden will become,
Redeemed by Shell and Vacuum
And Standard and Socony.

Petroleum Powers no longer mix
Crude oil with Power Politics,
Nor wangle by commercial tricks
Aggrandisement imperial,
But, guided by the Charter's rule,
The Anglo-U.S. petrol pool
Will offer access free and full
To basic raw material.

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to David Mendel.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

A mother, accused of hitting her six-month-old baby girl on the head with a hammer, was alleged at Yarmouth, Norfolk, yesterday to have told the police "I did this through rationing."—*Daily Express*

The lesson? Bread rationing creates waste. And, for the first time, many a British household is experiencing real hunger.—*Evening Standard.*

Lerwick, which recently voted "wet," after a long period without a public-house licence, has received a proposal from the Public-House Trust (Glasgow District) Ltd., for the formation of a public body to organise the setting up of licence facilities in the town. It is explained that any profits accruing from the business of such a Trust or Company would be devoted to public objects, especially the provision of counter-attractions to public-houses.—*Scotsman.*

Although nearly eight years have passed I still mourn, occasionally, the passing of a Rhode Island Red hen who came to me with a sitting of chicks. Her devotion to me was complete. She knew the sound of my car, and was always eager to meet me every evening. And when I found her in a state of collapse she had been laying large double eggs; she revived for a few seconds to express pleasure in my return, and then died.—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Margate Corporation has a new slogan: "There's life in the Margate air."

It is being sent to all parts of the country on envelopes containing reminders that cemetery fees for the year are due.—*Sunday Express.*

## COVENTRATION

THE jury of History is still considering its verdict on "Bomber" Harris and the city-gutting strategy of which he was, though not the author, the enthusiastic agent. The personal testimony of the most material witness may hasten the verdict.* Indeed, the public might be more surprised by the candour of his evidence, if the revelations of German military leaders, in "Ashcan" and other interrogation camps, had not familiarised us with the eagerness with which such technicians like to "talk shop"—with nothing kept under the counter.

"There is a widespread impression," complains Marshal Harris from his patrician farm in Rhodesia, "that I not only invented the policy of area-bombing but also insisted on carrying it out in face of the natural reluctance to kill women and children that was felt by everybody else. The facts are otherwise. Such decisions of policy are not in any case made by Commanders-in-Chief in the field but by Ministries, by the Chiefs of Staff Committee and by the War Cabinet. The decision to build a great force of bombers for strategic attack on industries and communications was made long before the war; the prototype of four-engine bombers we used against Germany was designed in 1935, which gives some idea of how long it takes to organise a bomber force. The decision to attack large industrial areas instead of key factories was made before I became Commander-in-Chief."

Later he gives a lurid description, from secret German documents, of Hamburg's second 700-bomber raid in July, 1943:—

> The alternative dropping of blockbusters, high-explosives and incendiaries made firefighting impossible, small fires united into conflagrations in the shortest time and these in turn led to the fire-storms. To comprehend these . . . one can analyse them only from a physical, meteorological angle. Through the union of a number of fires, the air gets so hot that on account of its decreasing specific weight, it receives a terrific momentum which in its turn causes other surrounding air to be sucked towards the centre . . . In a built-up area the suction could not follow its shortest course but the overheated air stormed through the street with immense force taking along not only the sparks but the burning timber and roof beams, developing into a fire-typhoon such as was never before witnessed, against which every human resistance was quite useless.

Commenting that this must have been even more cataclysmic than the bursting of the two atomic bombs over Japanese cities, he defends it on grounds of humanity:—

> In spite of all that happened at Hamburg, bombing proved a comparatively humane method. For one thing, it saved the flower of the youth of this country and of our allies from being mown down by the military in the field . . . But the point is often made that bombing is specially wicked because it causes casualties among civilians. This is true, but then all wars have caused casualties among civilians. It was estimated that our blockade of Germany during the last war had caused nearly 800,000 deaths, mainly of women and children and old people . . . It is not easy to estimate the casualties caused by Allied bombing of Germany . . . but the Americans have put the number of deaths at 305,000 . . . Whenever the fact that our aircraft occasionally killed women and children is cast in my teeth, I always produce this example of the blockade, although there are endless others to be got from the past . . . International law can always be argued pro and con, but in this matter of the use of aircraft in war there is, it so happens, no international law at all.

He is quite contemptuous of the Germans' unprofessional handling of this sort of thing. He points out that they had no strategic bombers at all, since their whole force was designed for army co-operation work, and was only used for attacks on cities when not requised by the German Army. They invented the blitz, he says, without appreciating its strategic possibilities, and they invented "Coventration" as a bombing-standard, although it only represented a hundred acres of damage.

Seventy German cities were attacked by Bomber Command. Twenty-three of these had more than 60 per cent of their built-up areas destroyed and 46 about half their built-up areas destroyed. Thirty-one had more than 500 acres destroyed. Hamburg had 6,200 acres, Berlin 6,427 (of which about a thousand was American), Dusseldorf 2,003 and Cologne 1,994. Between 1,000 and 2,000 acres were devastated in each of Dresden, Bremen, Duisburg, Essen, Frankfurt-am-Main, Hanover, Munich, Nuremberg, Mannheim and Stuttgart. This he compares with London's 600, Plymouth's 400 and Coventry's 100 acres.

After describing attacks on Essen which did, in fact, wreck Krupps, he rushes in to correct any wrong impression:—

> But it must be emphasised that in no instance, except in Essen, were we aiming specifically at any one factory during the Battle of the Ruhr; the destruction of the factories could be regarded as a bonus. The aiming points were usually right in the centre of the town; the average German city spreads outwards from the old centre, which was naturally more densely built up than the newer and well planned suburbs; it was this densely built-up centre which was most susceptible to area attack with incendiary bombs. The objective of the campaign was to reduce production in the industries of the Ruhr at least as much by the indirect effect of damage to services, housing and amenities, as by direct damage to the factories or railways themselves.

There was a grim joke at SHAEF at the time of the invasion that when Tedder, as Deputy S.A.C., asked Harris to co-operate in the vital attack on the French marshalling yards and repair shops (which Harris now says was decisive in the invasion), he said that, of course, it would mean precision bombing. "And what," asked Harris, "is precision bombing?" It turns out that it was no joke. That was after four years of attack on Germany, but this is what he says of these French raids: "The necessary calculations were made by my Operational Research Section, and, apart from the unfortunate but inevitable fact that the mathematicians had not much data to work on, *because there had been so few precision attacks in the past*, the work was done in a thoroughly scientific fashion." He also admits that he was not at all confident about the results. Yet, when he put his bomber crews on to the precision job, they did it superbly and, as the French, who were under their fire, admit, with few serious mishaps and unquestionable effect. He is proud of those 37 raids and of the support which with the same precision he gave to the armies, in the form of aerial barrage, in the Normandy Battle, and of the pin-point attacks which he later carried out against oil plants and transportation in Germany, after having spurned such targets for years.

There were, of course, substantial reasons why in the earlier stages he could not hope to have much success with pin-point targets. Real accuracy could be achieved only when he had mustered "Gee," "Oboe," "H2S" and "GH," and the other scientific requirements of target-finding and blind-bombing. But that was not the reason for area-bombing; it was the deliberately adopted alternative policy, and he is irritated by the failure of Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary for Air, because he hedged in the Commons on the kind of bombing we were doing. "There was nothing to be ashamed of," he says, "except in the sense that everybody might be ashamed of the sort of thing that has to be done in every war, as of war itself."

He still believes that if the 1944 Bomber Offensive against Germany had been laid on in 1943, the war could have been won by it alone, without the invasion, without those irritating people the soldiers and those even more irritating people the sailors and (judging by the scant references or acknowledgment) without the U.S. Air Force. Even in the ultimate, he never got more than a third of the 4,000 front-line bomber strength he wanted, but that meant 125,000 members of aircrews trained at a cost of £10,000 a man (£1,250,000,000 for training, apart from the costly bombers or the vast quantities of bombs); 44,000 men were killed in Bomber Command, 22,000 injured and 11,000 taken prisoner; 7,122 aircraft were lost.

Military as well as social historians will hotly debate the results of a policy which Harris documents and which he consistently justifies. The U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey made on the ground has already done rough justice to "area-bombing." It has found that the attacks "fell mostly on industries relatively inessential to the war-effort." Harris, of course, disputes that, and points out that it is biased because the American Air Force, in policy, if not always in results, was wedded to precision bombing (but not against Japan). He gets really cross at the Survey's suggestion that Bomber Command destroyed only 31 per cent of the houses in Hamburg and 22 per cent of the houses in Dusseldorf. The figures he insists should be 61 per cent in Hamburg and 50 per cent in Dusseldorf! It remains to be seen (if it ever is disclosed) what the official British "post mortem" reveals. Meanwhile, *Bomber Offensive* contains plenty of material evidence.

In other respects it might be retitled *Offensive Bomber*. "Bomber" Harris, who left Chequers with Churchill's authority for the thousand-bomber raid on Cologne, whistling "Malbrouk s'en va-t'en guerre," is an insensitive and irascible writer. The former Rhodesian rough-rider cracks a ruthless sambok on the flanks of his colleagues in the other Services, and even in his own. What he has to say about Fighter Command in the Battle of Britain (apparently Bomber Command was cheated of most of the credit) is certainly less than generous. The Navy founders in his derision, and the R.A.F. becomes the Senior Service. The Army (which could not exploit the Battle of Caen which his bombers won for them) is, with the exception of Monty, still horse-minded. The Air Staff are jacks-in-office. The Ministry of Economic Warfare was always trying to distract him from area-bombing on to industrial targets, about which, he says, they knew practically nothing. Anyone who recalls the Air Ministry bulletins or had any contact with R.A.F. publicity will greet with a horse-laugh his complaint that Bomber Command never got proper publicity because of Service jealousy.

It has been suggested that Harris did not get proper recognition when honours were going at the end of the war. Perhaps the British taxpayer, having just got rid of the £5,000-a-year pension to Nelson, will consider £80,000,000 a year (which is what the British Zone is costing us) a generous enough testimony to the thoroughness with which Harris did his job. And he cannot complain about his memorial. You can go to the Ruhr and look around you.

RITCHIE CALDER

* *Bomber Offensive.* By MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F. SIR ARTHUR HARRIS. *Collins*, 21s.

# A SOLDIER'S REPORT

I AM writing as an infantry officer who spent the year 1946 in Palestine: I hope in this short article to sketch the attitude of the British soldier towards the population, both Jew and Arab.

The British soldier in Palestine is violently anti-Jewish. He enjoys the searching of Jewish settlements, he likes to see the men of the settlements herded together in wire pens, and he is happy if some of them are taken away in Army lorries to a detention camp. Only a rigid discipline prevents him from using violence on these occasions, and he thinks it typical of the mentality of his officers that they should impose such restraint upon him—on the whole the wartime officers are less anti-Semitic than the rest of the Army (the Regular Army officers are the most violently anti-Semitic of all, but it is only fair to say that they never allow this to prevent them from imposing a rigid restraint on their men).

This is a terrible statement to make. But it must be understood that the soldiers in Palestine today are not the soldiers who were in Palestine during the war years and who were received so affectionately into Jewish homes. They are very young men in high Age and Service Groups, and they are embittered in any case by the slowness of demobilisation; they reached Palestine after the Bevin speech of November, 1945, and they think that Jews are all potential gangsters who blow up railway trains and kill their comrades (and it is a common boast in Palestine among the troops that they will one day get great pleasure from "cleaning up" Brighton!). They are incapable—intellectually so, I think—of drawing any distinction between the mass of the Jewish population and the extreme terrorist groups. The Jewish Agency (which they cannot understand), Haganah, Irgun, Stern Gang, the ordinary hard-working settler, the displaced Jews of Europe—they are all "bastard Yids" to the soldier, beneath contempt, and fit only for brutal treatment.

I am putting this strongly because I am certain that the true strength of this feeling is not yet fully appreciated at home. It cannot be put too strongly, and there is a certain sense of the inevitable about it that is so tragic.

It is not true, as certain Jewish circles have claimed, that British troops are given anti-Semitic lectures before embarking for Palestine: or, rather, it is not true as far as I know, and if it has happened in isolated cases then it has been done despite the wishes of the Higher Command to the contrary. In my own battalion I myself gave a lecture, lasting an hour, on the general problem of Palestine: I have the script of that lecture before me as I write, and it is, if anything, written with a slightly pro-Jewish bias (it gives that impression now; it was not intentional at the time). During the year I have given many lectures to the same unit, notably after the Commission's report in May, and after the Commons debate of July 2nd. And it is significant that on each occasion the audience was becoming progressively more hostile to any fair presentation of the problem. "Why should we admit 100,000 of the bastards—there are too many of them here already?" was typical of the questions asked in May. "Why did we treat them so kindly?" was typical of the questions asked after the military operations at the end of June. I would like to add that in my own unit the debate of July 2nd was reproduced in the dining-hall. It is only fair to say that H.Q. Palestine issued extracts from *Hansard* on this debate: the extracts were very fair and were released with no comment other than a request that they be brought to the notice of all ranks. I mention these points because I do not believe that the Army has been guilty of a deliberate attempt to misinform the troops or to prevent them from learning what is going on. The Jewish *Palestine Post* is taken by most Army canteens and "quiet rooms."

It is impossible to pretend that the soldier's attitude to the Jewish population is excusable except on the grounds of invincible ignorance. Yet we must remember that British soldiers have been killed, and deliberately killed in a most cold-blooded manner, by Jews, and that British soldiers were allowed to inspect the arms dump that was discovered at Mesheq Yagur, with its diabolical burying of arms under the floor of the nursery. (I think this last point is of great psychological importance; that the innocence of children should be so exploited caused a widespread and immediate reaction among the sentimental English.) We must remember, too, that the Jewish press has continually conducted a campaign against the British troops, accusing them of brutality, theft, looting and war-mongering: there were cases of brutality here and there (which were always treated with the strongest disciplinary action, anyway), but most of the accusations under this heading were untrue. Disciplinary action has always been taken against looting, and all reasonable precautions made to stop it. But the Army has its share of "bad hats"—and it also has its share of men from battles of Western Europe, where looting was not always punished so severely!

Nor do the troops like the attitude of the Jewish population towards them in public: the soldier is friendly by nature. Had the Jewish population been prepared to sympathise with him (he, as much as they, is a victim of political confusion) much of his anti-Semitism might have been dispelled. If he had been welcomed into their settlements in 1946 as his predecessors had been in 1940 he might have melted under the combined influence of beer, coffee and pleasant conversation. But he is not so welcomed: the "friendly" soldiers had gone home by the end of 1945—this was also considered to be part of a diabolical British scheme to replace troops with Jewish sympathies by troops without: actually, of course, it was due to the logical operation of the demobilisation.

To those who tried to be fair and to promote mutual understanding, the position was awful indeed. The troops would go to a dance in the near-by Jewish village, the girls would be quite friendly, and we began to hope for an improvement in outlook. Then, the next day, there would be an explosion in which British soldiers were killed, Jewish places of amusement would be placed out of bounds, the Jewish press would intensify its attacks on the troops, and we were back again to the level of mutual hostility.

At the moment the troops prefer Arabs to Jews because Arabs are peaceful and Jews are not—and that is all there is to it. There is no more understanding of Arab problems than there is of Jewish problems, no desire to appreciate Arab political aspirations. But because the bombs are planted by Jews, and because the Arab press (though equally hostile) is quite unintelligible, the troops rather like to think that Palestine is an Arab country, and that the Jews have no right to be there at all. They are not interested in the Arab revolt of 1936/9, not interested in the dismal war record of Arab soldiers, not interested in the plain fact that the Arab world, like the Jewish world, also dislikes His Majesty's Foreign Secretary.

This is not to say that the troops like the Arabs, but rather that they find them peaceful and amusing. A private soldier can swear at an Arab and can bully an Arab without fear: but he cannot do that to a Jew. He regards the Arab as an inferior being, several hundreds of years out of date: the Jew, being a European, and in most matters being far better informed than the soldier himself, is an object of fear. The friendly relationship between soldier and Arab is illusory, liable to end at any minute. If Arab hostility to British policy were to show itself in armed action the British troops would regard such action as treacherous, and would no doubt eagerly accept the co-operation of the "civilised" Jews, arms dumps and all. The soldier's outlook is determined not by his reason but by his emotions. Palestine is a place where ignorance is far removed from bliss.

"INFANTRY OFFICER"

# NORMANDY VILLAGE

AT first contact the village street seems like a countryman in his Sunday clothes, but with no one to look at them, reserved and withdrawn in itself and somewhat morose. Along the roads leading out of the village the brown and white villas look secure and prim and clean, as if pretending they had forgotten the dust-clouds and savage invasion in the summer of 1944. The roads are very wide, and an empty by-pass cuts across most of them to make huge crossroads that are out of all proportion to the village. If you did not know its history you might well think this was once an important centre from which all trade had vanished. The widened roads are in fairly good repair, but the by-pass—*La Route Anglaise* is its local name—is pitted with large holes and sunken in places. Officially the by-pass does not exist, as it is not marked on any French ordnance map; so the workers of the *Ponts et Chaussées* are unable to repair it.

On the railings outside the church there hangs a large, dusty notice—"One Way Only," just like that—which suddenly makes you think that the village looks naked. A stench of stale urine hovers around the tin sheet opposite, and as you walk back along the street you become increasingly aware of the inferior sanitation. Two women are chatting in the roadway; a hooded farm wagon, driven by a man wearing an old pair of khaki trousers, curves round them to pass.

"*Et voilà, madame!* It used to be the Germans who took all our food; now it's the French Government. Why, we ought to have plenty of food in a district like this."

"And then there's all these people from Rouen and Paris who come searching for food—just like during the occupation. They give the farmers big ideas about prices. Do you know, madame, I was at a farm yesterday getting some provisions, and I was asked to pay sixpence for an egg. For a single egg! And for a kilo of butter I had to pay ten shillings. *C'est honteux, madame.*"

"Yes, and in Paris people will pay twenty shillings."

They stop chatting for a moment as a loud rumble of an explosion stirs the quiet air. "Still more mines," says one. "Will they ever finish?"

A faded notice in the hotel window says it is a Category B and can sell a meal for 45 francs, but inside there are good meals, including meat, being served for 120 francs. Farther along the street the newspaper shop that sells millinery has just got rid of the last copy of yesterday's paper, *La Normandie*, to Madame Lemarchand, who keeps the "*Alimentation*" on the opposite corner. She leans against the window, disarranging the curtains of green and yellow camouflage netting, and studies the newspaper column on rationing regulations.

"I'll never understand all this," she says, tapping the paper and speaking to the woman behind the counter. "There's plenty of food all around us. It's quite simple: I'd buy from the farmer who's got it and sell to the housewife who wants it. But no; it's obviously too simple for the *fonctionnaires* at Caen. And so we get all these regulations and bits of paper and restrictions—and not enough food. Well, I suppose it all keeps lots of people in work at Caen."

"*Ah, ce pauvre Caen*," sighs the other woman. "I was there yesterday; it always makes me sad for days afterwards."

"Good!" cries Madame Lemarchand, reading another page and not noticing the woman's frown of annoyance. "So our biggest collaborator has been sentenced at last—five years' imprisonment and loss of civil rights. It's not enough! Eh, madame?"

"And how about those who are still free? You know— those who did business with the Germans and made plenty of money. They were the clever ones, it seems." There is a note of jealousy in her voice.

"Exactly! While people like you and me, who would have nothing to do with the Germans,

get only restrictions and more regulations for having been patriotic."

Madame Lemarchand shuffles across in her slippers to her "*Alimentation*" that is now a gaudy yellow. Above the shop is a bright new blue and white plaque which shows that the street is now named after General de Gaulle. But everybody still refers to it as the Grande Rue; for the villagers are quite as conservative as they are *Gaulliste*.

There is a little more activity at this end of the street, most of it centred around the *Mairie*. The door is wide open, and every few minutes there is someone going in or coming out, like a popular shop. Inside there are seven assistants all permanently busy, their tables littered with papers and forms and lists; the people waiting to see one or the other of them have brought further contributions of forms and papers, which they hold forward in a supplicating manner or glance at from time to time as if learning by heart. The walls of the small entrance hall are festooned with notices signed by the Mayor; notices of official maximum prices, rationing restrictions and income-tax regulations that he knows will be obeyed only to the extent that they suit the community; lists of applicants, who have been granted permits to buy shoes or tyres, that he realises will create grievances and complaints. He sits upstairs in the *Bureau du Maire*, looking as if he wishes he had never been elected.

The Mayor is the father-in-law of the village schoolmaster, and he used to live in Caen until a bomb shattered his home. His Petainist predecessor still lives in the village and, having the support of the *curé*, leads a certain section of the community that does not approve of the present Mayor and his connections. The Mayor sighs restlessly over his table and pushes some of his papers to one side. He rubs the stubble on his chin, stretches his legs that end in an old pair of army boots, and starts to fill in a form about his own status as a *sinistré* for the attention of the Préfecture at Caen.

Outside, the two red and white barriers begin to descend across the roadway. The daily train from Caen grunts to a halt and then blows out its chest with importance; the resulting clouds of white steam drift over the village as if warning the people to hurry. But the train is losing, not gaining passengers; there is a feverish bustle of activity along the narrow platform and then a mass of workers invades the village street. They disappear a few at a time, entering the houses where they are billeted or have relatives, or into requisitioned villas, so that the village seems to bulge in places before digesting this additional population.

The shops begin to close as the train drags itself onwards to the coast. A series of dull thuds in the distance seems to signal the end of the day's work. The village settles down for the evening; *l'heure du souper*. A few doors are opened here and there and the appetising aromas of cooked food drift into the street, where a light breeze wafts them away. The street is silent and empty. The Germans have gone, the English have gone; the people think anxiously of the future and enviously of the distant past, and mentally rub their itching sores that time has not yet healed. Beyond the village, past the last villa with its faded red roses nodding helplessly to the breeze, is a well-kept cemetery where not long ago was a rugged field. The regular lines of white crosses, drawn up as if on parade so that even in death the men cannot escape the uniformity of the Army, gleam dully through the gathering dusk. A peasant cycling home pulls off his grimy beret as he passes. LEN ORTZEN

## INDOOR GAMES NEAR NEWBURY

[*Fired by the imitations of his style on our competition page last week Mr. Betjeman contributes his own poem on the same subject.*]

In among the silver birches winding ways of tarmac wander
And the signs to Bussock Bottom, Tussock Wood and Windy Brake,
Gabled lodges, tile-hung churches, catch the lights of our Lagonda
As we drive to Wendy's party, lemon curd and Christmas cake.
Rich the makes of motor whirring, past the pine-plantation purring
Come up Hupmobile, Delage!
Short the way your chauffeurs travel, crunching over private gravel
Each from out his warm garage.

Oh but Wendy, when the carpet yielded to my indoor pumps
There you stood, your gold hair streaming, handsome in the hall-light gleaming
There you looked and there you led me off into the game of clumps
Then the new Victrola playing and your funny uncle saying
"Choose your partners for a fox-trot! Dance until its *tea* o'clock!
"Come on, young 'uns, foot it featly!" Was it chance that paired us neatly,
I, who loved you so completely,
You, who pressed me closely to you, hard against your party frock?

"Meet me when you've finished eating!" So we met and no one found us.
Oh that dark and furry cupboard while the rest played hide and seek!
Holding hands our two hearts beating in the bedroom silence round us,
Holding hands and hardly hearing sudden footstep, thud and shriek.
Love that lay too deep for kissing—"Where *is* Wendy? Wendy's missing!"
Love so pure it *had* to end,
Love so strong that I was frighten'd when you gripped my fingers tight and
Hugging, whispered "I'm your friend."

Good-bye Wendy! Send the fairies, pinewood elf and larch tree gnome,
Spingle-spangled stars are peeping at the lush Lagonda creeping
Down the winding ways of tarmac to the leaded lights of home.
There, among the silver birches, all the bells of all the churches
Sounded in the bath waste running out into the frosty air.
Wendy speeded my undressing, Wendy is the sheet's caressing
Wendy bending gives a blessing,
Holds me as I drift to dreamland, warm inside my slumberwear.

J. BETJEMAN.

# The Arts and Entertainment

## THE CAMBRIDGE BARBER

I HAVE the greatest sympathy with the aims of the New London Opera Company; in particular, with their scheme for training young British singers and giving them an opportunity of appearing alongside leading international artists. This policy worked admirably in *Don Pasquale*, and in *The Barber of Seville* it has been pushed a stage further by the engagement of two newcomers as leading tenor and baritone. The result, if less evidently successful, does great credit to the powers of Dino Borgioli as vocal coach, and of Alberto Erede as musical director and conductor; the recitatives, for example, were remarkably accomplished. Murray Dickie is an Almaviva with a small, neat and flexible tenor; while his brother William makes a capital shot at the roulades and patter of Figaro. Between them, they give us a good deal of musical pleasure.

But if the company hopes to achieve its objects, it must without further delay secure the services of a first-rate permanent producer. *Pasquale* has a few faults of taste, but it is always a competent production; latterly, however, stage direction at the Cambridge has been entrusted, not to producers, but to singers—*Tosca* to Stabile, *The Barber* to Borgioli. The result is feeble: no competent producer, for example, would allow a Figaro, however inexperienced, to jitterbug around the stage so incessantly and so exasperatingly; nor would he inflict upon us, in the make-up of Doctor Bartolo, yet another specimen of that funny nose which is fondly believed at the Cambridge Theatre to constitute the very soul of theatrical wit.

As Rosina, Mme Grani turns on some efficient but steely coloratura; the hit of the evening is undoubtedly Andrea Mongelli's Don Basilio, at once the funniest and the best sung I can recall. Mme. Goncharova's sets are fresh and vivid, but I doubt if it was a good idea to place the central scene in a *patio*; of course it looked pleasantly Spanish and hot, but the irruption of the soldiery and the riotous finale cannot achieve their proper claustrophobic effect if played out of doors.

Having constantly, in this column, asked for a monthly prospectus of London music, I feel it my duty to point out that such a publication now admirably exists. It is called *London Musical Events*, costs a shilling, and can be obtained regularly (at 13s. a year) from the Hadley Publishing Co., 192, Randolph Avenue, W.9.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## ANTICIPATIONS

THE Leicester Galleries have opened the New Year with a large and varied exhibition of paintings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—let us try to imagine what it would look like through the eyes of a young art historian of 2047, searching for an estimate of the cultural temperature of our day, paying his shilling with the rest of us at the turnstile, and mingling with the crowd. We, surveying the landscape from too close, mistake mountains for molehills, but the young man, standing at a century's distance, finds himself in a more favourable situation to point out the high peaks. What strange thoughts are passing through his mind? At least half the pictures he dismisses out of hand, as they do not belong to the age in which they were painted. Peering closely at the ghost of a Claude Monet, he reads the date "1943," and scribbles in his catalogue: "Outworn convention, on same cultural level as summer exhibition at Burlington House. Why plagiarise Monet in his decadent period? If it must be Monet, why not the heroic landscapes of 1865?" He labels the whole bunch, School of the Purple Shadows. In front of some bombed buildings by Coldstream, he pauses and ponders. Then he takes up his pencil again and writes: "A Piper Subject, painted in this weak Piper time of peace, but without a trace of the current jargon of romanticism. The painter shows us the devastation of the late war, but has waited, before setting up his easel, for the Demolition Squad to cart away the rubble. A lonely, patient prophet, haunted by the Phantom of Seurat, forging for himself a new classicism on the anvil of hard work." Next door hangs Coldstream's portrait of a Jamaican airman, and the young man recalls the Florentine profile portraits he has seen, and begins to wonder whether he was right in assuming that despair had seized hold of all the painters struggling to emerge from the Second World War, or whether there was not, after all, this one powerful beam which blinded most but lit up the path to stability for a few.

He is puzzled that two insignificant Chiricos should be allowed to take their places on the walls, and is forced, on the evidence of this exhibition, to include Duncan Grant in his School of the Purple Shadows, much against his will as he has been properly brought up to regard Duncan Grant as one of the best English painters of the twentieth century. He is unaware that our standards of judgment are affected by high-sounding names, and that, in our eyes, any picture by a good painter must necessarily be worth exhibiting. He

falls an easy victim to the feminine wiles of Mary Kessell, to him a little-known name, to be stored away in the memory as material for a possible monograph. She transposes curved fragments of ancient vase paintings on to flat surfaces, imitating the patches of restoration as well as the earthy texture of the original. One of her pictures is entitled "Biblical Subject," and the young man notes portentously in the margin of his catalogue: "Subject not specified. Demonstrates decay of religious belief since Rubens." Against the entry for William Scott's "Homage to Corot," he writes: "? misprint for homage to Picasso," and against the Tunnard (No. 121): "the astronomer painter who has discovered beauty in relativity, and romance in floating planets." He is impressed by the competence of Ruskin Spear, who plunges boldly into a complicated street scene but leans too heavily on Sickert's shoulders for support. Turning his attention to earlier generations, he is nonplussed by the praise we are in the habit of lavishing on Mark Fisher, and regards the Tissot "Autumn on the Thames" as utterly commonplace. On the other hand, he decides that Etty's "Indian Girl" must be the finest Etty in the world, and as for the Sickerts (No. 66 and 83)—the exhibition was well worth a visit for them alone.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

## THE MOVIES

### "La Symphonie Pastorale," at the Curzon
### "Of Human Bondage," at Warner's
### "Hungry Hill," at the Gaumont

Three films from novels. Such pieces are of two kinds: those that make one want to read the novel and those that don't. *La Symphonie Pastorale* and, after some hesitation, *Of Human Bondage* belong to the first, *Hungry Hill* to the second. With all three, perhaps, though for different reasons, we shall be lucky if we come unenlightened. When I attended the screen version of *La Symphonie Pastorale* I had not read Gide's original story. The theme requires a master: blindness, the education of the blind into a world of mystery and muted longings, succeeded by the harsh recovery of sight. A pastor (Pierre Blanchar) in the Jura foothills has rescued and brings up a blind girl (Michèle Morgan). No longer young, impelled (as he believes) by Christian charity, he teaches the child to speak, to apprehend the beauties of the world and, unwittingly, to love the man who has so taught her. When she grows up, an operation restores her sight. She sees her benefactor as an old man, falls in love with his son, realises that her presence has been disruptive, and drowns herself.

There are thus two internal dramas. Hers, in an almost ideal form (for she has been shielded from even the knowledge of sin), is the drama of innocence and experience; his, no less poignantly, is the confusion of spiritual and physical love, a fact which his unhappy wife (Line Noro) recognises long before he does. These two conflicts work out in a tale of enlightenments and jealousies between pastor, wife, son, and girl. A very appealing film Jean Delannoy (Cocteau's director) has made of it, using as his symbols the snowy landscape and the girl's beauty. Mlle. Morgan's looks and performance have received no less than their deserts of praise: we have to watch her from the beginning, a little animal learning to eat and speak, to feel her way, to smile, to guess at vistas and others' secrets; her beauty grows in expression, and still—by a triumph of acting—the eyes remain null until their dazed acquisition of sight. There is never a sickly moment in this coming to life of a Galatea. There are, however, especially towards the end, theatricalities. The snow, piled up at windows, patterning, softening footsteps, confining, prepares with its deadly brightness too unmistakably a tragedy: when she crawls perilously beside the stream to recover the lost shoe, we know that later on she will plunge in and that there will be a mad race to stop her. So it turns out. This is not so much tragic inevitability, as a cliché of screen-made dramas, from *Way Down East* onwards. Beautifully fashioned, too, as everything in this film is, still we are impressed and silenced rather than moved. The zealous inflexibility of Pierre Blanchar also points too emphatically in the same direction.

It is not, however—and this shows the film's quality—until we turn to Gide's story that we realise how much we have missed. Here the spiritual enterprise, the fatal pursuit of the ideal, and not the tale of jealousies, overshadows; while rare touches of insight delineate the experience of blindness. At one moment, for example, staggeringly, the girl learns of the existence of birds, whose song hitherto she had accepted as belonging to the air. A far richer world of the senses, enhanced and distorted, is created, to reach its climax in a visit to a concert at which Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* is performed. Delannoy and his collaborators have missed this poetic-psychological unity, substituting the snow images, the scenes of jealousy, and the final gallopade to the river. But, as I have said, unless one already knows the book, these lacks will be felt only in a rather mechanically held tension and some theatricalities of plot. The film remains, when one considers the difficulties, a bold and on the whole successful re-creation.

We should hardly suspect, behind the flounces and apartments to let at Warner's Theatre, one of the most solid of Edwardian novels. Not until more than halfway through *Of Human Bondage* does this alliance between a club-footed student and a waitress who takes to the pavements come to life, and then in despite of the chief character. Mr. Paul Henreid, as the frustrated medical student, looks tired and middle-aged from the start, and his servile charm fits the circumstances about as well as lavender gloves would an auctioneer. (We saw him last as that irresistible magnet of the Brontë family, a mid-European curate.) This is a pity, for as the Cockney waitress Miss Eleanor Parker lets herself go beautifully, though not I suppose so well as once Miss Davis, whose performance I missed.

*Hungry Hill* ought, I imagine, to satisfy everyone. Miss du Maurier's fans will find here, it seems, a faithful portrayal of the book, while others, including myself, are absolved for ever from opening it. If all versions of popular romances were as well done as this one (directed by Brian Desmond Hurst) I should say this is the ideal way of enjoying them. I don't mind, for a couple of hours, weltering in the bold cash of the Brodricks and the proud curse of the Donovans, joining in the flings at the Hall and the fights at the mine, seeing the generations pass, and Miss Lockwood, younger than ever, survive them all to wish Hungry Hill back to its immemorial green. I don't mind at all. But think of having, for days on end, to *read* about them . . .

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## RADIO NOTES

Now that actors, orchestras and soloists are so heavily in demand all over the place, there is good reason why we should get used to thinking of recorded broadcasts as the rule. But the recording must be technically unexceptionable, otherwise it were better to waive the programme altogether. This applies almost as much to plays as to music. Last week we had bad examples in both kinds: Michael Tippett's *Third String Quartet* and Tennyson's *Queen Mary*. In the first case the recording improved in the course of the work; but in the first and second movements the string tone was unendurably distorted. And when the Quartet was repeated, *live*, later in the week (with important revisions in the Finale), it was at 11.30 p.m. Now it really is a pity to broadcast long, abstruse pieces of contemporary music—especially when they are as considerable as this quartet—at that hour of the night. With the best will in the world I simply could not keep awake.

The clumsy mechanics with which *Queen Mary* was treated were the more regrettable because they

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JONATHAN CAPE

upset Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's nicely adjusted perspectives, made the crowd scenes sound even more unreal than they need have done, and produced at times a very low level of general audibility. In any case her diction is hardly Miss Joan Cross's strongest point; otherwise it was most enjoyable to discover how much this fine operatic actress contrived to make of a very wooden part. I thought her final scenes especially impressive: for these (unhappily brief) moments her tragic despair made the play live. It is impossible to be grateful to Tennyson for this curious piece of fustian; instead one's gratitude goes to the B.B.C. for letting us hear it—if only for the sake of convincing us how utterly dead it is. Browning could do better, in the line of Elizabethan pastiche: Beddoes very much better still. I fancy even Swinburne's dramas might sound more distinguished than *Queen Mary*, scarcely a line of which reminds us that Tennyson is among the most mellifluous and metrically skilful of all English poets.

He would be austere indeed who could not enjoy so imaginative an entertainment as the Sitwell-Walton *Façade*. The charm, humour and beauty of this engaging work have not, I think, been dimmed by the years; and in many ways the broadcast performance was excellently managed. I should, on occasion, have liked the words to be clearer—particularly in the quick pieces, where the music was apt to overlay the voice. Here it would surely have been better to alter the balance slightly in favour of the speaker: a small ensemble of solo instruments is always more obtrusive than a large orchestra, and in a tutti cannot be surmounted unless firmly "taken back" on the engineer's panel. It was an agreeable surprise to find that many of the lesser-known pieces in *Façade* are even better than those contained in the orchestral suites.

*Turandot* may not be the best Busoni, but what a queer, fascinating, individual little opera it is! There are a few dullish pages, and Busoni's enigma scene is sensibly less effective than Puccini's; but the moments of beauty and strangeness more than compensate for these defects, specially when delivered with the splendid professional competence of the Hamburg performance. The recording of this occasion was a great improvement on that of *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Hindemith's *Theme and Variations for Piano and Strings* contains a patch or two of mechanical writing, but the work as a whole is a beautiful feat of noble and consistent style. With every year of his life this composer seems to me to rise in stature, by virtue not merely of a consummate harmonic technique, but of melodic invention and the management of large forms.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

# Correspondence

## RELIGION ON THE B.B.C.

SIR,—"Far too much religion" on the wireless, complains "Critic" in your issue of last week. Usually so urbane, he has fallen into the trap of wishing to deny to others what he himself dislikes. I feel the same with regard to "Itma" (what a dreadful confession!) and to much if not most "Variety." Yet the B.B.C. have irrefutable evidence of the popularity of these religious programmes among a large section of listeners who presumably prefer the real thing to controversial discussions on comparative religion or its psychological implications. As well ask for a less "ludicrous repetition" of the same old works by Beethoven or Delius in favour of more "talks" on the theory of music. And after all, an investigation of the *Radio Times* reveals that out of a total of 250 wireless hours on the three main services, only eight or so are allocated to religion.

As for "dogma," I find that few religious talks or services involve anything more explicit than what is to be found in the generally accepted background of a Christianity which remains, for good or ill, the normal language in which the religious instinct of the West still finds expression. Here, as in the case of classical music, familiarity should not breed contempt.

GEOFFREY WHITWORTH

24 Old Court Mansions, W.8.

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SIR,—I am sure that thousands of weary listeners will fervently echo "Critic's" comments on the religious fervour of the B.B.C. Never in the programmes is there a suggestion of any possible religious point of view, save that of an old-fashioned fundamentalism. It is, indeed, difficult to see what justification there is for this ban on all deviations from the strictest orthodoxy. It will not have escaped perspicuous readers that there was recently a deputation which was received by Sir William Haley. This deputation, which was made up of members of both Houses of Parliament, pleaded for freedom of religion "on the air." What sort of success it has achieved we shall presumably have to wait and see.

16 The Close, Radlett, Herts. JOHN ROWLAND

## THE CASE FOR MR. BEVIN

SIR,—Mr. Donald Bruce cannot have read either my letter in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, or the article entitled "The Soul of the Labour Party." This article suggested that a Labour Government should never be willing to side with capitalist America against Russia. I suggested that a Socialist Government ought to determine its attitude to any given subject by reference to Socialist principles, and particularly to the need for both national and international planning, in a manner which will combine political with economic democracy.

Thus, as Socialists, we should support the principle of international inspection for the elimination of weapons of mass destruction. This has been advocated by the Americans for the last 18 months, and we have quite rightly supported them. When the Russians advocated national inspection we supported the Americans against the Russians. Fortunately, the Russians seem finally to have accepted the principle of international inspection and also the abandonment of the veto in this respect. A strict observance of the doctrine expressed in your article "The Soul of the Labour Party" might well have prevented us from helping to achieve this "consummation devoutly to be wished."

I do agree with the view that our co-operation with the United States of America should preserve the right to plan our foreign trade. I find it difficult to see how we can do this without entering into reciprocal bulk purchase agreements with Socialist countries. It was for this reason that I voted against the American Loan over a year ago. It is interesting to note that both Donald Bruce and most of the so-called "rebels" voted in favour of the American loan, although its associated economic provisions were dangerous to Socialism.

In these circumstances I find it difficult to understand the real basis of this fashionable rebellion. Donald Bruce quotes a number of admirable sentiments expressed by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, all of which they have sought to implement since they undertook office. The only point of substance which the rebels raise is connected with the standardisation of arms as between America and Britain. It seems to me that the importance of this subject has been greatly exaggerated. If the rebels imagine that the next war (if any) is likely to be won by .303 rifles, they are not as progressive as Field-Marshal Montgomery, who believes it will be largely fought with tanks. However, in any event, the Prime Minister has stated that we are anxious to standardise with Russia and other countries as well.

When Field-Marshal Montgomery went to America, all kinds of sinister inferences were drawn. Now he has gone to Russia, but I have not observed any change of mind or heart among the critics of the Government as a result.

It seems to me that on the administration of its policy, both at home and abroad, the Government needs and indeed welcomes constructive criticism from its supporters. But it is surely one thing to

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criticise the Government on a specific issue, and quite another thing to make a sweeping condemnation of the whole of its foreign policy, which is the responsibility of the Cabinet as a whole, including Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and Mr. Emanuel Shinwell. I do not believe that the majority of those who abstained from voting on the Amendment intended to condemn the Government's foreign policy as a whole. Unfortunately they may have given the impression that they attribute some importance to the views of extremists such as Mr. Zilliacus, who allege that a "Bevin-Churchill under-the-counter Coalition" is "the White Hope of the Black International." I hope they will correct this impression during the next Foreign Affairs Debate.

House of Commons. RAYMOND BLACKBURN

## COSTS OF LITIGATION

SIR,—The rumoured amount of costs in Professor Laski's case has concentrated interest on the expense of legal proceedings, a matter which has been the cause of anxiety for many years. Legal reformers have long held that there is little point in extending the legal rights of the individual if his legal remedies are denied him owing to the prohibitive cost of litigation. There is much truth in the saying that only the very rich and the very poor can afford, with impunity, to go to law.

There is no one answer to this question of costs. The solution must be sought in many ways, some legislative, some administrative. The fusion of the legal professions, the abolition of the necessity to employ junior counsel with senior counsel, the extension of the admission of written evidence, the breaking of the bottleneck of the High Court in the Strand, the limitation of appeals, the simplification of proceedings before trial, the reduction of Court fees and the extension of the jurisdiction of County courts, may be suggested as some of the steps likely to be necessary in the solution of this problem.

The Government might well, I think, set up a committee on the lines of the Denning Committee to study and make recommendations on this question.

As the matter is an urgent one, the Government might also, whilst awaiting the Committee's report, extend the jurisdiction of the County courts. These tribunals have now a wide jurisdiction in relation to the nature of the action or proceeding, that is to say in matters of contract, tort, title to land, equity, admiralty, bankruptcy, winding up and under the Landlord and Tenant Act, but their jurisdiction is in most cases limited in regard to the amount of the claim or value of the subject matter in dispute. There is no logical reason why a judge who can entertain a suit for £200 cannot try one for £2,000 or £20,000, and the extension in this way of the Court's jurisdiction, whilst not being in itself the complete answer to the problem, would probably result in a greater reduction in costs than any other single step which could be suggested.

In addition the County courts' jurisdiction might be extended as of right to cover those cases of contract or tort which it can now try only by consent of both parties or on remission from the High Court, for example, actions for breach of promise of marriage, libel, slander and seduction.

House of Commons. D. R. REES-WILLIAMS

## PROFITS AND DIVIDENDS

SIR,—Should not greater consideration be given, in discussions of our economic prospects, to the immediate and eventual consequences of the high level of profits now being earned by industry and commerce, as well as to the tremendous rise in the general value of shares and property? This rise is partly the result of Dr. Dalton's commendable policy of reducing the rate of interest, but is it practicable and consistent to limit "dividends" paid by the Government and not to limit dividends paid by private enterprise?

Immense capital gains are being made by present owners and speculators. What is more, the joint stock banks, and other financial institutions, confidently left in private ownership, are freely advancing money, which must be inflationary money, against the higher values now ruling. A friend of mine who bought a house for £2,500 before the war can now borrow £8,000 on it. These capital gains, untaxed and to a large extent convertible into purchasing power, must be an inflationary menace to a balanced economy. They undo the benefits of higher wages obtained by workers and, when combined with the swollen profits of industry and distribution, profoundly discourage those who have to do the nation's necessary work on modest, fixed and strictly taxed incomes. They also seduce potential producers of wealth into parasitic and racketeering occupations, thus adding to our manpower problems.

If Mr. Morrison is worried about production he should persuade Dr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps to do something about profits, and if Dr. Dalton ever becomes anxiously aware of the inflation in our midst, he might do worse than ask the Governor of the Bank of England to "advise" the banks to restrict the granting of credit to the financing of stocks and socially desirable projects. People's enthusiasm for the Government will rise in so far as they see the rewards of idleness, speculation and non-producing decrease in proportion to the rewards of useful work. At the moment the trend is all the other way.

67 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3. TOM SARGANT

## MR. JINNAH AND MR. CHURCHILL

SIR,—Your editorial comments on Mr. Jinnah last week are unwarranted and unfair. You suggested that Mr. Jinnah may still use his delaying tactics in the hope of Mr. Churchill's return to power. Perhaps you will remember that the Muslim League was the first in accepting the Cabinet Mission's proposals even though they did not amount to a complete and independent sovereign Pakistan. Had the Congress Party made a similar gesture then, as it has made now, India would have been saved from the civil strife and bloodshed that later ensued.

We of the Muslim League know as much as the Congress Party, the Conservative mind. We have nothing to gain but everything to lose by their return to power. They are no particular friends either of the Hindus or the Muslims. Their one and only aim is to keep India under the heels of the British Raj. What Mr. Jinnah thinks of men like Mr. Churchill will be abundantly clear from a passage from one of his speeches in the Indian Legislative Assembly which I quote here for your information. "What about Mr. Churchill, Lord Lloyd, Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Sir Reginald Craddock, and the rest of them? If I am to believe their utterances and go by them would I not be justified to say 'I will kick the British out of India at once and there is nothing to talk about'?"

Besides, we have nothing in common with the Conservatives. Relatively speaking the Muslim community is economically much poorer and it is we who stand to gain by the advent of Socialism more than anyone else. We do not want a Pakistan of landlords and capitalists but a Pakistan in which everyone will have equal opportunity to improve his social standard. We certainly will not tolerate domination either of the British or the Hindus. MUSHTAG A. PATEL

15 Lawn Road, N.W.3.

## A RUSSIAN PRIMER

Sir,—As a faithful though distant reader may I claim some space to ventilate a rather scandalous attempt at anti-Soviet propaganda which has just come to my notice. The *Daily Mail* of December 12th, 1946, published on its leader page an article "Children of Russia get a Primer for Peace" which claimed that this new Soviet reading book had been "smuggled" out of Germany as it was of such "significance" that the world should know of it. The writer proceeded to announce that "One theme dominates the Soviet's education drive for the children of peace—War," and illustrates this assertion by a number of reproductions, of a soldier coming home on leave, a tank, a little boy playing with a toy gun on a toy horse, etc.

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I have the book referred to by me as I write—*Bukvar*, by C. P. Rodozubov. It was bought by a friend of mine in Prague, quite openly in an ordinary bookshop (it was certainly not "smuggled" there by anyone!) and is a delightful but quite normal sample of a child's reader. There are in all 367 pictures, large and small; of these, by a great stretch of imagination, 21 may be termed "war-like" in significance—one or two aeroplanes, some guns and tanks, a wounded soldier, and an ancient sabre! If one includes as "war-like" the little boy beating his drum or blowing his trumpet, I'm afraid British children are also guilty of such lapses from grace! There are also 7 pictures which by a similar feat of imagination might be called "political," including the famous tractors, regarded by the writer of the *Daily Mail* article as of such dire political significance.

This proportion of 28 out of 367 seems to be not unnatural in a country which is just recovering from a devastating war. Indeed, such references to facts which loom so large in the mind of every child in Europe today seem to me a desirable departure from the fairy-tale dream-world in which the children of all Slav countries are still brought up. I have found it impossible in Czechoslovakia to buy for my little boy the picture books of bombers, fighters, tanks, battleships and submarines to which he was accustomed in Britain.

Only a real attempt to understand Russia is a sufficient answer to this type of irresponsible propaganda. To those of your readers who are trying to understand Russia by learning the language, I suggest they obtain the primer referred to through the usual channels for buying Russian books in England; they will find it a charming and beautifully printed reading-book for a beginner, and will look in vain for anything sinister. JESSIE KOCMANOVA

Brno, Czechoslovakia.

## EXISTENTIALISM

Sir,—For myself, I find the traditional absent-mindedness of professors endearing. It has, nevertheless, disadvantages. I wonder if I might take up these few lines to enlighten those of your readers who may have experienced a feeling of blankness as they read through W. J. H. Sprott's article on Existentialism. It is true that he does refer in his last paragraph to the essay by Ruggiero of which the article is billed as a review; but, quite apart from there being no mention of my Introduction, which fills a third of the book (and I freely grant that it may be this which most hurts), Mr. Sprott leaves it to be supposed that the essay in question is a further addition to that "wrong kind of nonsense" which in fact Ruggiero is only too anxious to show Existentialism to be. It cannot be that Prof. Sprott has not read the essay. I know that he has read it, both in English and in Italian, for he collated the two texts and himself suggested amendments, a service for which acknowledgment is made to him in the Introduction. RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

38 Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

[Mr. Sprott writes:—"I apologise humbly to Mr. Heppenstall. Let me make what amends I can and say that his Introduction is quite *admirable*. Ruggiero is, indeed, anti-existentialist and I ought to have made it clear."—ED. *N.S.&N.*].

## PARISIANS

SIR,—Tom Harrisson's article in your last issue should not have been headed "Parisians"; a more appropriate title would be "A corner of the Paris black market seen through the eyes of a disappointed British pleasure-seeker."

He spares four lines out of 128 to an admission that the French working class, under Communist leadership, are not entirely corrupt, 124 lines being given to a picture of Parisian decadence, immorality and hopelessness.

Mr. Harrisson must have been singularly unlucky in his contacts, and seen no more of the people of Paris than would a foreigner "mass-observing" London from a Mayfair night club.

Obviously a large proportion of Frenchmen indulge in black market activities, but I maintain from visits to Paris in July and in November that many of the middle class, and the majority of the professional and working classes, far from "gesticulating on the edge of the abyss" show a very definite will to live. Their intellectuals express an honesty, courage and energy greater than we do in Britain.

The *Congrés de la Pensée Française*, held in June, the innumerable political and literary journals, the works of art in the exhibition of modern French tapestry, are a few examples that testify to this.

As for the remarks that "during the two occupations . . . the women saw other and apparently more 'virile' men," and that "the French did not put up such an impressive show in resistance as has been claimed," they are frankly insults, which few with any inside knowledge of France under German occupation would dare to venture.

Finally "French bourgeois women are linked to Catholicism"—this is a sweeping and unjustifiable statement; it was the women, bourgeois and working class, who, voting for the first time in their history, gave the French Left its overwhelming majority in 1945. FRIDA STEWART

65 Alleyn Park, S.E.21.

## UNCARED-FOR MOTHERS

SIR,—The Curtis Report, in paragraph 7, said: "The consideration of the welfare of children deprived of home life has inevitably raised in our minds and in those of many of our witnesses, a question which we regard as of the utmost importance and we hope that serious consideration will be given to it; but it is not a problem with which we have to deal."

The Elizabeth Fry Fund aims at making an important contribution towards a solution of this problem. The Committee has been formed and a fund started to deal with the present position of women who are being sent to prison for neglecting their children. Imprisonment is the least effective way of making these women good mothers and responsible members of society; it is the surest way of disrupting family life.

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The Home Office strongly supports the scheme but cannot finance it because of statutory limitations. The training centre must, therefore, be established by voluntary effort. A considerable sum has already been raised, but the Committee specially needs a large house within easy reach of the psychological and social services of London or some large town and we ask for the help of any of your readers who can give or lend a suitable house for our purpose.

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## THE GATE QUARTERLY

SIR,—To avoid confusion may I make it clear that *The Gate*, the international, literary quarterly in English and German due to make its first appearance this week, has no connection with *Das Tor* (The Gate), a German Catholic weekly paper edited by the Baroness von Schmidt-Pauli in Munich, and also making its first appearance this month, as advertised recently in *The Tablet*. MARGARET GREIG

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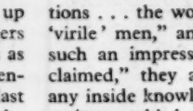

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Dr. Johnson would have been convulsed with bewildered and menacing indignation if he had been asked to consider critically the style of current broadsheets. It never entered the head of Ruskin or Baudelaire to describe the output of pavement-artists. To-day we are more open-minded. The voice of the people, though in the arts it seldom suggests the voice of God, is recognised as a voice deserving of study. Mr. Orwell, to take an eminent instance, fascinates us with his researches into the reading of messenger-boys and the iconography of the comic picture-post-card. I am all for this enlargement of erudition. We are, however, most of us so constituted that we attach disproportionate value to whatever we have been at pains to explore. The classical scholar persuades himself that any Greek or Latin book that happens to have survived must have done so deservedly. The expert on Roman carvings, on Jacobean furniture or Victorian churches, becomes blind with knowledge, and no longer notices the dismal clumsiness of the works he classifies. Connoisseurs of popular taste need to be on their guard against the same temptation: a lot of learning is a dangerous thing.

A student of architecture conspicuous for liveliness of mind, sharpness of eye and command of language, Mr. J. M. Richards offers us an entertaining and paradoxical essay upon the English suburban scene.* Where other critics have found matter chiefly for reprobation or for cynical merriment, he recognises not only a satisfaction of deeply human requirements but an "enchanted jungle" rich in picturesque surprises.

> The beefy redness of a tile-hung gable peeps with a certain effect above the foliage of syringa and juniper, lilac and laburnum, and it does so irrespective of the architectural refinement or otherwise of the gable *qua* gable. The mere suggestion of a silhouette of chimneys, hidden owing to a curve in the road behind a sycamore tree in the next-door garden, may prove to be of more value than the carefully studied roof-lines in the architect's perspective. The charm of the suburb, in fact, lies in its whole self.

Having traced the origins of the suburb in the eighteenth century *cottage orné*, in Nash's realisation of the picturesque, and in Ebenezer Howard's garden city, Mr. Richards dilates upon its current function. "The times we live in do not provide much sense of security for the individual"; in the setting, however, so thoughtfully provided by the speculative builder, men and women obtain "a sense of belonging to a fairly sympathetic world and an opportunity of making out of that world something personal to themselves—in fact an outlet for their idealistic and creative instincts." How unfeeling, then, those persons who seek to impose their superior standards of taste upon Suburban Man!

> If democracy means anything, it means deciding—for a change—to pay some attention to the expressed preference of the majority, to what people themselves want, not to what we think they ought to want . . . So, while continuing to build our castle in the air, let us not ignore those that already exist—somewhat untidily scattered, it is true—on the ground. In addition to searching the horizon for a new vernacular, let us accept also for what it is worth the one on our own doorstep.

Mr. Richards's thesis might lead one to suppose him a rugged individualist of the nineteenth century pattern so beautifully exemplified in Sir Ernest Benn, a believer in the impeccable felicity of the laws of supply and demand, a champion of the system, or lack of system, that has surrounded our cities with successive belts of industrial slum and jerry-built housing estates. Not at all. Occasional asides reveal quite other sympathies. The man who buys the house he lives in is only binding himself more firmly, we are told, to the economic machine of which he is the victim. The man in the street "is following sound instincts in refusing to welcome modern design in all its purity and discipline. If he did so, he would be entering a fool's paradise, since he would only find himself enjoying the shadow of the modern world without its substance—the substance being, of course, its economic benefits."

This last argument is hard to follow, for, whatever the deficiencies of our social and economic system, the suburban English have in fact been enjoying economic benefits that are extraordinary, as should be evident to anyone who, like Mr. Richards, has travelled outside Western Europe, or who knows anything of the privations which the proletariat, even of this country, still for the most part have to endure. Nor is it easy to understand why an improvement in the design of suburban houses, or of the furniture they contain, should weaken the will to revolution of dwellers in Bromley or Carshalton. Mr. Richards goes on to draw a parallel between the English suburbs and current building in the U.S.S.R.:

> Nothing is to be gained, the instinct of the suburban resident tells him, by condemning the make-believe of spec-builder's Tudor when the thing that is most valued about it is its cosiness and familiarity, which makes it a secure anchorage in a changeable world. Nothing is to be gained by criticising the academic heaviness or the clumsy detail of the Moscow metro when the thing that is most valued about it is that its walls are lined with expensive marbles which in a pre-revolutionary world would have adorned a prince's banqueting hall. It is real and solid, suggesting a prosperity that has come to stay.

Though I suspect this parallel of being cruelly just, it seems, as Marxian apologetic, to reveal some confusion of thought.

Lively as is Mr. Richards's book, I remain uncertain what conclusions I am expected to draw from it. The illustrations, significantly, are not photographs showing the "enchanted jungle" as it is, but lithographs by Mr. John Piper, whom the author thanks for "his immediate understanding of what the illustrations ought to be like." Now there is no subject that an artist so imaginative as Mr. Piper cannot, by omissions, distortions and accentuations, turn into something that pleases the eye. It happens that I can recognise one of his suburban scenes, a group of buildings at Henley hard to surpass in the meaninglessness of their proportions and the meanness of their material. The romantic lithographer has made them indistinguishable from a picturesque corner of a Cathedral city.

Mr. Richards seems to assume that the inhabitants of such buildings are gifted with hardly less imagination than Mr. Piper; that they believe their houses to resemble the Knoles and Hatfields after which they are sometimes named. I question this (and not even Mr. Piper could make a gabled villa named Kedleston or Chatsworth resemble anything Palladian). The inhabitants are, no doubt, usually unaware of the ugliness of their habitations; they value their gardens; they like houses better than flats, and a style they are used to better than the penitentiary gauntness of "modernism." They also prefer their gimcrack roughcast to the decent brick of Council houses. But how far is this romanticism, how far mere snobbery? Suppose that the speculative builder had used the simple idiom of the Council house, and that the L.C.C. had luxuriated in imitation oak-timbering and little panes of coloured glass, might not the preference of the black-coated worker be reversed? So far from the average suburb being "rich in surprises," it seems to me unbearably monotonous and unfanciful.

Mr. Richards's book was conceived and written while he was on active service in the Near East, and he allows that an undue element in it of fantasy may be due to nostalgia. I can strongly recommend its descriptions, as I would recommend Mr. Betjeman's poems inspired by similar themes. How affectionate the accuracy with which we are shown this row of suburban shops!

> They are not quite so new as the Odeon, though some of them have had their facades brought up to date with jazz lettering and plate glass windows of the kind where the glass is not framed but butts at right angles, the sheets being joined by a metal clip. There is a dress-shop called "Mary's" with a sparsely dressed window, containing only one or two garments draped on aluminium stands, and leaving the interior of the shop visible beyond a low, pleated curtain; also a wireless shop, very untidy by contrast, both inside and out, but one that has gone to the expense of a neon sign over the door. The branch of Boots has also been lately refronted, but it does not look so new because of the curly lettering on the gilt and glass facia board and the old-fashioned way the windows are packed with every kind of goods. In contrast to these are one or two shops that have clearly been there a long time, notably a dairy with a window surrounded by yellow, green and white tiles in an *art nouveau* pattern and containing a large polished brass milk-churn, whose flamboyant inscription is worn into unintelligibility with much rubbing. This churn is flanked by two shiny statuary groups of milk-maids, farm-boys, jersey cows and well-fed sheep dogs in pastel shades of rose, sea-green and cocoa-brown. The interior of the shop is rather dark but cool looking, its old-fashioned air a little spoilt by an ice-cream counter just within the door that blatantly advertises cornets.

In his longing to defend the indefensible Mr. Richards insists upon the relativity of taste, exemplified in what he calls "the cycle of popularity." A style of building, from being new-fangled, becomes (he suggests) successively fashionable, commonplace, dowdy, laughably old-fashioned, attractively "period" and romantically "old world." "If the sophisticated world is now almost ready to admire the *art nouveau* dairy again, will it not in due course admire the chromium-bedecked Odeon, too?" In architecture, that is to say, there is nothing good or bad but period makes it so; and accordingly our grandchildren will find charm in "the sham half-timbered villas with their creosoted garages, their crazy paving and the bottle glass in the panes of their front doors." (One may add that the idiom employed in these villas is a hangover from the style favoured by the rich some fifty years previously.)

These arguments contain just enough truth to make them dangerously plausible. One can find interest in a building or an object because it is so characteristic of its period. Pictures by Frith are already "amusing"; pictures by Sargent are becoming so. Those of us who have an acute sense of period need to be on our guard against it. For Frith was a bad artist and Courbet was a good artist: and the fact that they were born in the same year must never be allowed to obscure this difference. Be amused, if you can, by Sargent, but do not therefore equate him with his contemporary, Seurat. Antiquity can make a bad work of art interesting; it cannot make it good. Those who work in museums have too usually blinded themselves to this truth, and among architectural critics the same delusion is now crescent.

A painter like Mr. Piper or a poet like Mr. Betjeman is perfectly entitled to find inspiration in what subjects he pleases. The critic, on the other hand, must discriminate between good and bad: this is his *raison d'être*. He betrays his profession when he lets himself suppose that a building is good because a painter can make a good picture of it. Mr. Richards is careful not to go quite so far as this. I must, however, be priggish enough to protest against the confusion of values that underlies his book. The buildings over which he sentimentalises are degraded, no less so than the astrological prognostications in popular newspapers, or the sort of music performed on cinema organs in the Light Programme. Nor could it be any defence of such music to term it "a vernacular." Slough, even if its inhabitants thought it beautiful, would remain none the less a despondent eyesore, and an indictment of modern capitalism. Democracy means government by consent; it does not mean deference to the taste of the semi-educated. Let us not try to impose by force our tastes on other people; but neither let us call black pearl-grey.

How valuable would be a study of the English suburb, with illustrations contrasting good and bad layouts, plans and elevations! Mr. Richards has the knowledge, taste and sympathy required for such an undertaking. Having expressed his home-sickness in a fantasia, will he not now take a look at the suburbs as they are, and offer us his critical conclusions?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

* *The Castles on the Ground.* By J. M. Richards. *Architectural Press.* 8s. 6d.

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**Saints and Strangers.** By GEORGE F. WILLISON. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Mr. Willison, in this very readable book, has attempted with success one of the most difficult of historical forms, a collective biography. To recover after three hundred years the personalities of the obscure men and women who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower* could not be easy and it was rendered doubly difficult by the growth in modern times of a patriotic American legend which distorted the whole enterprise. Mr. Willison, a former Rhodes scholar, has brought to the work of research an active imagination and a lively sense of humour; if the Pilgrim Fathers emerge from his scrutiny with little of the saintliness of tradition, they have become in the process both human and credible.

The truth seems to be that the militant phase of the Pilgrims' adventure was over long before the *Mayflower* sailed. It wanted heroism in the early Brownists (afterwards known as Independents) to withstand the furious persecution, with many hangings and more imprisonments, they endured under James I; it even wanted heroism to flee to Holland, for their flight from Lincolnshire involved many perils and crippling losses. But once in the tolerant Netherlands they were secure, while around them was a society whose civilisation was the envy of Europe and a model for all the thinkers of the Left. If, after twelve years' stay in Amsterdam and Leyden, they decided to move on to the New World, their motive was not the quest for religious liberty. Their aim was to better their worldly fortunes; for while they could worship freely and openly in their own Meeting-House at Leyden, few of them were prosperous. Life was hard in the Old World, as one of their leaders, Deacon Cushman, wrote:

> There is much pressing and oppressing in town and country . . . so as a man can hardly set up a trade, but he shall pull down two of his neighbours. . . . The rent-taker lives on sweet morsels, but the rent-payer eats a dry crust. . . . Let us not thus oppress, straiten and afflict one another, seeing that there is a spacious land, the way to which is through the sea.

The motive for this migration was economic.

Actually the 41 "saints" from Leyden were in a minority aboard the *Mayflower*. There were 40 "strangers," emigrants recruited in London, whose religion, if any, was Anglican and Orthodox. The rest of the 102 "pilgrims" were either hired men or indentured servants who sailed under a seven-year contract, received no pay and could be hired or sold to other masters. The enterprise was, in fact, a speculation by a group of merchant-adventurers in the City, who financed it and expected to reap inordinate gains. On the stores they supplied they exacted a profit of seventy per cent. Much of the early history of the Colony is the record of the financial dealings of the settlers with these sharks. The lot of the Pilgrims in the first years was a desperate struggle with starvation and disease. Often in the cruel winters they were "painfully puffed and swollen," which means that they were suffering from hunger-œdema. Half their number died in the first six months and only five out of eighteen wives survived. "The living," as their record ran, "were scarce able to bury the dead." They worked hard, felling and planing timber and trading furs, to pay off their debt. Twice in these first years their ships, laden with wainscoting and beaver pelts, fell a prey to pirates. When in the end, reinforced by later arrivals, they bought their title to New Plymouth from the City, it was at a price which came to £100 for every man, woman and child in the Colony, which meant at present values something like £1,250.

More candidly than any previous historian Mr. Willison has investigated the record of the Saints in their dealings with the Indians. The emigrants went out convinced that they had nothing to expect from savages but hostility, cruelty and treachery. Fear had its customary effect: it made the Pilgrims so suspicious that they felt justified in using any means against the natives, including treachery. In fact the Indians round New Plymouth were disposed to be friendly. Luckily the new-comers happened to land in an uninhabited district. The paramount chief "Yellow Feather" welcomed them and concluded with them a treaty of alliance, which he scrupulously observed throughout his reign of forty years. In spite of this friendly atmosphere, the Pilgrims were guilty of murder and massacre on the borders of his territory: the lies by which they tried to justify their aggression are mercilessly dissected by Mr. Willison. Half a century later, in King Philip's war, when the Indians had at last been provoked into hostility, the Saints did their massacring on a much larger scale—seven hundred men, women and children at a swoop. Even in the early years of friendship the Pilgrims used to sell the Indians into slavery.

In these pages we get to know the real Miles Standish, chosen as captain of the Saints' militia because he had served in the Low Countries, a little man, rubicund, sturdy, recklessly brave, highly irascible and prompt to use force in every emergency. He was not himself a "Saint" and never attended prayers in the building which was at once fort, jail, town-hall and Meeting-House. Mr. Willison guesses, with some plausibility, that he may have been a Catholic. Man of action though he was, he collected a rather unusual library which revealed his interest in history. So Mr. Willison goes on, painting his portrait gallery of saints and sinners. Of the sinners the most entertaining is Morton, a witty scapegrace of an old family, once a companion of Ben Jonson's at the Mermaid Tavern, who set up a rival trading post, which the Pilgrims called Merry Mount. Here he outraged New Plymouth by erecting a Maypole and dancing, he and his men, to a song of his own composing, with the native "lasses in beaver coats," whom he invited to delight "in Hymen's joys." In the end, Miles Standish arrested him, after a skirmish, on the singular charge of "alienating the friendship" of the Indians. The truth was that he got on with them so well that he became a formidable competitor in the fur trade. A little powder and shot put that right.

New Plymouth was an oligarchy, which chose its governors by election. To become a freeman a settler had to pass a close scrutiny of his morals and religious views. Out of 3,000 inhabitants only 232 were freemen. Even these were not all entitled to vote, for there was a high property qualification. But there was this to be said for the Old Colony, that it was never a theocracy like Boston: indeed, its ministers had little or no influence in its affairs. It never burned a witch or tortured a Quaker, but it did banish its heretics. It executed a youth for homosexuality; it levied fines for lying, swearing and breaking the Sabbath. If a young woman had a baby less than nine months after marriage, she and her husband were fined and put in the stocks for "fornication." The Saints had their qualities; they were tough and self-reliant, but theirs was not a gracious community. It is significant that half a century passed before it had a common school. It turned its back on the man who was the real spiritual hero of New England, Roger Williams of Rhode Island, the first Englishman in his century to preach and practise complete religious toleration, the first white man who befriended the Indians and understood them.

This is at once a convincing and a lively book: here on the whole is what Mr. Willison, who has an irritating habit of quoting incessantly in the spelling of the seventeenth century, would call "ye trueth" about "ye saincts." But he might have made it a little better, if he had been as familiar with European as he is with American history. Such a slip as his reference to Lord St. Albans as "Lord Francis Bacon" does not matter; but his statement that Charles I dismissed the Long Parliament (p. 284) is startling. His study of the Saints would have gained, if he had brought more sympathetic insight into his interpretation of their theological oddities, especially those which they owed to the Anabaptists, under whose influence they came in Holland. The inspiration of this daring and original sect accounts for much in the thinking of Levellers and Quakers. The Anabaptists were in one sense or another Communists, though the respectable Dutch sect had thrown over the revolutionary doctrine. My own guess is that some of the Pilgrims were touched by this communistic tradition. The question is worth asking, though the evidence may not suffice for an answer. More prosaic reasons can be given to account for the fact that they held and tilled the land at New Plymouth for several years in common. But the sermon by Deacon Cushman in defence of this common husbandry (p.168) has to my ears a communistic ring. "Why," he asks, "wouldst thou have thy particular portion?" "Because," he answers, "thou thinkest to live better than thy neighbour." He concludes that it was Satan "who brought this particularising into the world." Later we discover Samuel Gorton, a member of the "Family of Love," teaching and preaching at New Plymouth, until in due course he was expelled. The "Family" was the oldest English branch of the Anabaptists and was savagely persecuted, as much for its Communism as for its heresies. But after this brief vacillation, the Pilgrims adopted "the American way of life" and there was no backsliding.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

## NEW NOVELS

**The Captain.** By A. NOVIKOV-PRIBOI. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

**Kolchugin's Youth.** By VASSILI GROSSMAN. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

**A Meeting over Tuscarora.** By I. EFREMOV. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

**Contemporary Chinese Short Stories.** Edited and translated by YUAN CHIA-HUA and ROBERT PAYNE. *Transatlantic Arts.* 7s. 6d.

**Moscow 1979.** By E. and C. VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN. *Sheed and Ward.* 10s. 6d.

The uncomfortable suspicion grows on me that the art of fiction in Russia is not simply in a poor way, as it is here, but moribund. Certainly I have read no work of Soviet fiction for a long time which either pleased or stimulated me. The occasional historical pageant (Sholokhov, Ehrenburg) was well done, but not exactly fiction. Whatever I read in the form of fiction about the recent war prompted in me one thought: How miserable that we shall never know how, during those frequently admirable years, ordinary Russian soldiers talked to each other. Unedifying the conversation of soldiers may be, but it has a way of revealing the old Adam in all his purity. Russian soldiers in the fiction of the period were heroic puppets, like the writers of inspiring letters to *The Sunday Pictorial*. And now recent decrees, banning Zoschenko (not that he was my favourite comic) and Akhmatova (not that I ever had the opportunity of reading her), may well have stopped up the last loophole. For surely writing of any kind has thrived only where there was a ferment of new ideas or a conflict between old and new. If there are new ideas in the Soviet Union (and I presume that there are) they will not take shape in the novel. The novel is too privately revealing and privately aggressive. Drama, music, architecture, ought to continue. There may even be a tenuous lyricism, for poetry rarely gives its author away on the scale of narrative fiction or at any rate with its explicitness. The conditions of publication in Russia now must be such that anything really new would need to be first talked over behind the scenes and then given its first public expression by a quasi-official body.

Possibly the death of the novel would not be deplorable? It is, after all, an upstart form and could be argued to have emerged with the rise

of capitalism. It may be that the fictive elements in the three Soviet publications listed above are happily vestigial. The first two, chronicles of pre-revolutionary days in the navy and the mines, presumably serve a purpose that could not be avowed—presenting official bullies of Czarist times whom the obscure reader of today may identify, in the depths of his psyche, with his own factory boss or local party chief. But it may be that bullying and private humiliation will presently become extinct in the Soviet Union. *A Meeting over Tuscarora* is a collection of travellers' tales of outlying regions—Siberia, the Gobi—at a literary and informative level distinctly below that of, say, Commander Gould's *Oddities* (the blurb prompts us with the name of Jules Verne). But presently these regions will become empty of mystery to the most sheltered of suburban Muscovites. Let fiction die. Let reality prosper. But it would be nice if we could get along without official fictions too.

The Chinese stories also are rather public-spirited. Not all, by any means, are from Communist China, but they reflect what is known as an awakening national consciousness. They poke fun at, or take nostalgic pride in, old customs—pigtails, red trousers, clan punishments and the garrulity of old people—like the Soviet novels of fifteen years ago, when the problem of national minorities succeeded the liquidation of the Kulaks. It is a lively and engaging spectacle.

Some of the above remarks cannot fail to displease simple-minded comrades. I hope to restore myself to their good graces by attacking—or should I say "exposing"?—a virulently anti-Soviet religious tract, a book not so much politically noxious as humanly disgusting, which I imagine a wise Vatican will eventually put on the Index.

*Moscow, 1979*, is, as its title indicates, a vision of the world, and more particularly Russia, a third of a century from now. The world is divided along the expected axis. The Pope lives in San Francisco, and the centre of the British Empire is Bombay. The hero, Ulyan, is a naturalised Russian of American birth. This is important, because it means that he has been baptised and can therefore receive graces when his soul awakens. It awakens as the result of a visit to one of the State brothels-for-both-sexes, where the rooms are kept in total darkness, so that what is there consummated may be quite impersonal. His partner is a girl who has been ordered to produce a child. She bursts into tears. They meet again. Ulyan teaches the girl to pray. A son is born. The girl dies as the result of a scientific experiment. That is the opening of the book. Its close, apart from Latin exclamations printed in capitals and a five-day global war in six paragraphs, takes place in a prison cell, where Ulyan and his adoring secretary, naked, with shaved heads and no eyelashes, again pray, after which they are taken away and put on a conveyor belt to be "utilised," a process which begins with the loosening of the skin by acids. In between, Ulyan, who is at one and the same time Russia's ace tycoon and its underground Archbishop, wrestles with his own soul and those of other people in the various cities of Russia, on a trade visit to England and in the Kremlin itself. Each morning he dresses up and celebrates Mass in his rooms. The prevailing mood is one of anxious terror.

It will be seen that this is an extraordinary book, and the publishers may, if they wish, clip out that one phrase and use it for advertisement. Nor are the authors without wit. Here and there, especially in their picture of the English scene, their heated imagination cools and slides towards reality with effect. But then, since they hate every feature of contemporary life, it would be odd if they did not bring off a damaging observation now and then. In its total effect the book is without any satirical point whatever. Unlike the writings of George Orwell and Arthur Koestler, it is a wild and irresponsible hymn or catalogue of hate, blurring the image of what it hates beyond recognition. And it is pursued with a psychopathic intensity of feeling to which the language of Kraft-Ebbing seems quite inadequate. Its literary sources are only too obvious. Take away from Léon Bloy all his finer intuitions and you are left with precisely this type of apocalypticism.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

## THE WRITINGS OF ST. TERESA

**The Complete works of St. Teresa of Jesus.** Translated by E. ALLISON PEERS. 3 vols. £3 3*s.* 0*d.* *Sheed and Ward.*

The works of St. Teresa of Jesus, better known to English readers as St. Teresa of Avila, have for some years been unobtainable in English except in an occasional second-hand copy; and even so, many of them were necessarily incomplete since their appearance preceded the fuller nine-volume Spanish edition of P. Silverio at Burgos 1915-1924. Neither David Lewis in 1870, nor the Benedictine nuns of Stanbrook Abbey in the early decades of this century, had the advantage of P. Silverio's information; and although we must remain grateful to Stanbrook for its rendering, we must now transfer some of our gratitude to Professor Peers for his new version which will take its place as the standard English translation of that great mystic and highly entertaining woman, "a saint unlike any to be found in a stained-glass window," as Professor Peers so rightly observes.

It is improbable that the common reader will wish to plough through the complete works of St. Teresa, and from this point of view it is much to be hoped that Professor Peers will later see fit to issue two or three further volumes containing her letters. He offers a good reason for not doing so at present, "since it would be strange if the present upheaval in Spain did not lead to fresh discoveries." Mysterious and alluring phrase! Does Professor Peers intend to suggest that some more of her vivid, rackety, tender, energetic missives may possibly come to light? He may have information denied to us. A completed translation of the *Letters* would be very welcome, since they must be numbered among the Saint's most humanly attractive works, dashed off with no thought for posterity, but "living" with a life that letters often possess in an abundance sometimes lacking in more deliberate compositions. Not that St. Teresa was ever deficient in this vital quality. Professor Peers is well aware of it, and is aware also of the difficulty of rendering "her vigorous and pugnacious phrases" in another language. In an excellently compressed preface he conveys even to the uninitiated reader a very clear idea of her style and character; and the subsequent pages prove how well he has succeeded in his task. So far as is possible, his English really does reproduce the rapid, almost colloquial vivacity of St. Teresa's Castilian.

What a portrait painter she was, too! And how terrifyingly impossible to deceive. I will not enlarge upon her famous description of St. Peter of Alcantara, who was "very old when I made his acquaintance, and so extremely weak that he seemed to be made of nothing but roots of trees"; she had nothing but admiration for St. Peter, so desired no opportunity of sharpening her dagger of a pen against his aged bones. But take a glance at the incidental devastating sketch dashed off in her brief little work on the *Song of Songs*, which she entitled *Conceptions of the Love of God*;

> I will tell you about one person with whom, a short time ago, I was very intimate. She was fond of communicating very often; she never

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spoke ill of anyone; she was greatly moved when at prayer; and she enjoyed continual solitude, for she lived in her house alone. So gentle was her disposition that nothing that was said to her ever vexed her, which argued a high degree of perfection, nor did she ever utter a wrong word . . .

But when I came to know her, I began to realise that her placidity lasted only for so long as there was no threat to her self-interest. Once that was involved, her conscience was by no means so strict—in fact it was quite lax. I found that although she would put up with all kinds of things that were said to her, she was very touchy about her reputation, and it would not be her fault if she lost a jot or tittle of either her reputation or her worldly esteem. So absorbed was she in her miserable self-regard, so fond was she of getting to know this and learning all about that, that I marvelled she was able to remain alone for a single hour. She was also very fond of her own comfort. Besides all this she would gild over everything she did so as to make it seem blameless . . . She bewildered me, yet almost everyone else regarded her as a saint . . . In fact, she and two other souls whom I have known in this life (they have just come to my mind) were saints in their own opinion, but, when I got to know them, they frightened me more than all the sinners I have ever met.

Teresa, consumed though she might be by her conceptions of the love of God—so very, very remarkably rendered by Bernini—was still capable of observing with a canny eye the hidden frailties of her fellows.

The two autobiographical works, the *Life* and the *Foundations* (the recital of her many journeys up and down Spain for the purpose of establishing her Reformed convents) are the ones which will probably make most appeal to the reader in no particular sympathy with mystical experience, and even here, in the *Life*, he may feel inclined to skip the long parenthesis characteristically introduced between Chapters XI and XXVII. On a higher plane stand the two great mystical treatises, *The Way of Perfection* and *The Interior Castle*: stiff reading, but intensely rewarding in their burning sincerity and heavenly vision strangely mixed with common-sense advice. In my view, *The Interior Castle* is St. Teresa's noblest work; *The Way of Perfection*, which is chiefly concerned with prayer, seems almost pedestrian beside it. St. Teresa was no poet, but the *Castle* is lit throughout with a radiance that suggests the nature of spiritual poetry.

The introductions, notes, appendices, and indices are all that would be expected from a scholar of Professor Peers's conscientiousness and integrity. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

## MOUNTAIN PROSPECT

**The Matterhorn.** By GUIDO REY. Translated from the Italian by J. E. C. EATON. Revised and two additional chapters by R. L. G. Irving. *Blackwell.* 15s.

On July 14th 1865, two parties were attempting the ascent of the unconquered Matterhorn. Whymper's party by way of the Swiss ridge, and an Italian party, organised by the Italian Alpine Club, from Italy. Whymper has described his dramatic triumph in *Scrambles amongst the Alps*. Guido Rey's *Matterhorn* gives us the story of the struggle for the Matterhorn from the Italian standpoint. It was a valuable contribution to Alpine history and also one of the most attractive interpretations in literature of the magic of the mountains.

Guido Rey made the first complete "exploration" of the Furggen ridge. He was beaten near the summit by an unscaleable pitch, but returned a few days later to the summit by the ordinary route, and was thence lowered down to the ledge where he had been checked, and pulled up again to the summit. This raises a problem of priority difficult to solve. Mr. Irving, purist in such matters, fails to conceal the distaste which this breach of Alpine convention evokes in him. His solution is to claim the first ascent of the Furggen ridge for Mummery, who stopped far short of the point where Rey stopped, and then traversed across to the easier Swiss ridge. This claim might provoke ironic comments from such Italians and Germans as have read Mr. Irving's strictures on the wickedness of international competition in mountaineering.

Mr. Irving brings the story of the Matterhorn up to date by two most interesting chapters in which he describes the German conquest of the North Face, and the Italian conquest of the South Face and Furggen ridge. He is, I think, inclined to exaggerate the influence of ideology on mountaineering. The dictators were, of course, ready to exploit any successes in sport, as elsewhere, on behalf of their creeds, but most mountaineers are "rugged individualists" who seek refuge in the mountains from the increasing regimentation of modern life. It was easy for German sport leaders to control their ski-ing teams. In the 1935 World Championship, for instance, members of the German team were not allowed to accept individual invitations to dinner, but it was impossible to control mountaineering. Even among competitive skiers, though I knew many adventurers who had joined the Nazi party for what they could get out of it, I knew only two genuine fanatics, both of whom incidentally were women.

Mr. Irving's book, which is the only complete history of the Matterhorn up to date, is magnificently illustrated. ARNOLD LUNN

## RISE AND FALL OF THE LUFTWAFFE

**The German Air Force.** By WING COMMANDER ASHER LEE. *Duckworth.* 21s.

Rigid censorship was imposed during the war on all public discussion of the work of the British intelligence services—a precaution shown by recent German admissions to have been most effective in misleading the enemy as to the extent of our knowledge. This book discloses for the first time the quality of the work done by one of the Air Intelligence branches, a group of R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. Officers who talked and thought as though they were actually members of the German Air Staff.

The author, a schoolmaster by profession, became a specialist on the German Air Force. He modestly refrains from describing the laborious process by which he graduated and is discreetly silent about his sources, but he makes clear by inference the astonishing extent of the information he gained about the history, methods, equipment and personalities of the Luftwaffe, and, above all, its strong and weak points. The judgments expressed are those which he formed at the time, and though he stresses that they are in no sense official, they must have contributed to some of the big decisions of the war, for example, when he was summoned to attend the Cairo Conference in 1943. It is unlikely that his conclusions will need much qualification, even when all the facts are known.

The book rightly opens with the Versailles treaty. This permitted the development of civil aviation in Germany and led to the incredible folly of the Paris Air Agreement of 1926, which withdrew all limitations on the size and number of civil aircraft which might be built. From its secret beginnings in 1922, a regular military air force was allowed to develop under the indulgent noses of the Allies, thanks to Goering, Udet and Milch, who made good use of the natural training grounds supplied by the invasion of Austria and Czechoslovakia and the "experimental laboratory" of the Spanish civil war. As a result, the Luftwaffe at the height of its glory came within an ace of realising Hitler's dream in 1940, failing, in the author's

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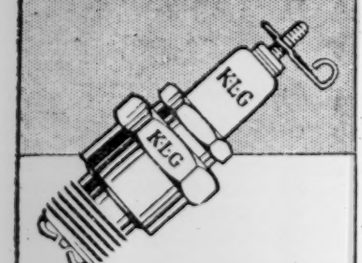

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view, perhaps only because it was not quite big enough or well enough led.

The analysis of the causes underlying the decline of the Luftwaffe, apart from the fatal consequences of numerical inferiority, is of particular interest, since the author's background renders him immune to most of the criticisms directed against the opinions of professional airmen. His view is that the most serious adverse factor was the direct personal influence of Hitler and Goering. Hitler was responsible for "the decision to attack Russia in 1941, which sapped so much of the Luftwaffe strength and compelled it to withdraw from large-scale operations in the Battle of the Atlantic and stop intensive bombing of Britain." Goering "tended to ignore the importance of those aspects of air warfare which he did not understand, and to underestimate his opponents"—witness his failure in the Battle of Britain to concentrate on Fighter Command's airfields, an error which Tedder and Spaatz did not repeat when their turn came in the Mediterranean.

Next in order the author puts the German failure to develop the heavy bomber, the breakdown of the German training scheme, due mainly to lack of trainer aircraft, and finally, in relation to equipment, failure to provide adequate co-operation and "tank-buster" aircraft to assist the Army, lateness in developing radar and night fighters, and the absence of any organisation approaching the efficiency of the long-distance Photographic Reconnaissance Units of the R.A.F.

There are two interesting chapters on the air war in Russia, about which little has yet been written. Wing Commander Lee tells how the German air strength on the Eastern Front never exceeded 3,000 front line operational types and progressively declined to a maximum of 2,500 in 1942 and 2,000 in 1943-4, always including a number of slow obsolescent types "the thought of which would have made Udet turn in his grave." Thus the failure of the Luftwaffe to rescue Von Paulus and his staff from Stalingrad in the winter of 1942-3 was only one example of a generally poor performance, which fortunately allowed Russia breathing space to build up a huge force of 10,000 to 15,000 modern aircraft, and thus to ensure Allied mastery of the air in the East as in the West.

Every aspect of the Luftwaffe is covered, from methods of defence against Allied air attacks to the daily life of the airman, and Wing Commander Lee has succeeded in presenting a great volume of material in clear, readable and decisive language. The ability to put the case fairly both for and against the Luftwaffe no doubt added much to his value in consultation.

Two points of substantial criticism must be made: the book has no index; and the seven months' "Blitz" (October 1940 to May 1941) is discussed in a single paragraph of the Chapter entitled "The Battle of Britain"—surely quite a separate campaign, which was virtually over by October 1940. The Wing Commander would no doubt be the first to agree that it had profound repercussions both on the Luftwaffe itself, through the excessive demands made on the crews to keep up the intensity of the attack, resulting often in casualties much heavier than those which could be officially announced in communiqués; and on the whole course of the war, through the proof it gave of the firmness of British morale, which may well have convinced Hitler that he must attack Russia.

LIONEL HEALD

**The Contemporary Theatre, 1944-45.** By JAMES AGATE. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

"Agate, Sir—everybody knows Agate—theatre, horses, racontage and Sarah," as Mr. Jingle very nearly said. Mr. Agate's seventeenth book on the theatre is a further collection of his *Sunday Times* notices, and covers the years 1944 and 1945 with his customary diligence. At times it would seem that the paper restriction has put something of a check on the full flow of his favourite prejudices and enthusiasms. References to the French theatre are chiefly confined to the notices concerned with the visit of the Comédie française; she of the Wide-Awake Little Mug is absent, and her successor appears but seldom; Bernhardt is quoted, and remembered in connection with Mr. Helpmann's tousled and forlorn Hamlet, but she has no place in the index. Is Mr. Agate becoming a stickler for the matter in hand? Can it be that in years to come he will extravagate no longer? Perish the thought. Here there is still ample reference to Dickens and Walkley and Runyon; the author is still vigorous in his campaign against the ubiquitous producer, his championing of the one-man-show-school of histrionic fireworks, his joyous kicking downstairs of the curious crowd of young gentlemen in corduroys who dog his footsteps—lost souls who are all unshaven, unlettered in the French tongue and who live in a sad grey purgatory called Bloomsbury. These hairy ones do much to brighten the days and reviews of Mr. Agate, who is himself but Philistine nor'-nor'-west; when he so chooses, he knows a Blochism from a Bartokery.

The chief excellences of this critic—and in every collection they are apparent—are his intense enthusiasm for and profound experience of his subject, his ability to translate this well-informed gusto into immensely readable prose, and his fundamental good sense. He has wit, and has now reached the security of an age when he can refuse to stand nonsense from any quarter. It must be remembered that he was our one bulwark of defence against the whimsical blarney of the wee Bergner, and this side of his critical nature is never long out of the picture. However much you may disagree with him on the subject of this young actress's flashes of revealing fire or that producer's unwarranted intrusion, one can withhold sympathy for long from a critic who wipes "Felicity Jasmine" and all such noisome plants off the scene in one uncompromising paragraph.

**The Pavilion.** *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.

Miss Myfanwy Evans, introducing a miscellany which one hopes will grow into a new periodical devoted to visual art, proclaims the insularity of her aims, and insists upon the capacity of the English eye for seeing things creatively or imaginatively. The artists represented, however, have not been chosen for their provincialism—Wyndham Lewis, Burra, Bawden, Cecil Collins, Robert Medley, Colquhoun, Ceri Richards, Evie Hone, all proclaim in their work a debt to the wicked Continent; and Wyndham Lewis's article is a plea for eclecticism. Mr. Betjeman studies and illustrates an excellent Anglo-Irish architect, Francis Johnston; Anthony West writes of his feelings about French Romanesque; Geoffrey Grigson proffers to the Birmingham City Fathers a number of salutary home truths about their Art Gallery; and a long extract from Ruskin's criticism of a picture by his wife's second husband is of a frankness that no modern English critic could display—such has


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JOHN NYREN, whose father kept the "Bat and Ball" inn at Hambledon, wrote about this famous cricket club — that although there was a "lodge" on the field "for the convenience of members", the "Bat and Ball", looking across the road, was "the true club house". For many another village team, a pub has been "the true club house". Two institutions so truly English — cricket and the country inn!

*Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake*

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## Company Meeting

# BARCLAYS BANK

### Britain's Tremendous Task

The 52nd ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank Limited will be held at the head office on January 22nd.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. Edwin Fisher, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to December 31st, 1946:—

Our current, deposit and other accounts, amounting to £1,171,726,109, are higher by £163,774,640, an even greater increase than that which took place in any of the war years. In part, the increase last year again reflected Government deficit financing, the continuation of which must inevitably add to the danger of inflation. The achievement of a truly balanced position is something that must be considered in the wider sense of the relationship between the Budget and the National economy as a whole, and the problem would seem to embrace the curtailment of all unnecessary Government expenditure and the easing of the burden of taxation to a point where it no longer constitutes a positive discouragement to enterprise.

### Need for Saving

The financial adjustment from war to peace conditions is bound to take time and, while it is going on, savings placed at the disposal of the State are an invaluable and indispensable help. The need for saving is just as urgent as it was during the war years, although the picture cannot be painted in such compelling colours, and to succeed the appeal for continued and sustained saving must have a background of sound finance so that the effort of saving can be depended upon to secure its legitimate reward.

The net profit for the year amounted to £1,676,403, which compares with £1,740,594 for 1945. The total to be dealt with is £2,140,455.

The pursuit of a policy of cheap money has had advantages of great importance for this country since the time of the War Loan conversion in 1932, and its maintenance greatly reduces the transfer burden involved in the service of a vastly increased National Debt. By the same token, low rates of interest have a special place in the scheme of things during the period of reconstruction. Cheapness, however, from the broad national standpoint is relative. Just as very high rates may have damaging consequences, so is it possible to force rates too low. It is clear that the point has come when no action aimed at the further cheapening of money should be embarked upon without the most careful study.

### Importance of Exports

The fundamental problem of this country, the provision of a decent standard of living for its inhabitants and the acquisition of means for meeting its obligations, will yield only to a great expansion in its export trade secured in the short run and sustained in the long run. Satisfactory as the progress has been in 1946, we have still a long way to go to raise exports to 75 per cent. above their pre-war volume which it is estimated will be required to put us on a long-term working basis, and the aim may have to be raised yet again in the light of changes in differential price levels. It will not be sufficient merely to reach the target level; exports must be held there and held in the face of developing competition.

The emphasis so rightly laid at the present time upon increasing physical exports should not be allowed to obscure the possibilities of expanding our "invisible" exports through the services rendered by banking, insurance and shipping.

That the latent power of this country is equal to the situation is not open to doubt. Hard work there must be, but it will accomplish more if it is inspired by a lively and unfettered spirit of enterprise, aimed at imparting highest efficiency.

On the general question of nationalisation the method of approach should be worthy of a subject of such vital importance. The pursuit of nationalisation as an end in itself, without regard to other considerations, would be an invitation to disaster. It is a matter to be approached from the strictly technical angle.

been the aggravation which time has brought to our libel laws. The most interesting feature of *The Pavilion* is a series of lithographs representing stained glass windows; opinions will differ about the value of the 19th-century examples which *The Pavilion* seeks to rehabilitate, but the 13th and 14th century glass is splendid and a translation into the medium of lithography has been executed with most delicate care. The taste of an individual is more interesting, because more idiosyncratic, than that of an Editorial Board, and this miscellany reflects such a taste most effectively.

### CORRECTION

The price of *William Godwin* by George Woodcock, The Porcupine Press, is 12/6 and not 15/- as stated in last week's issue.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 883

**Set by Sebastian**

Meredith writes of the coquette in the following words: "Nature had disposed her to coquetry, which is a pastime counting among the arts of fence, and often innocent, often serviceable, though sometimes dangerous, in the centres of polished barbarism known as aristocratic societies, where nature is not absent, but on the contrary very extravagant, tropical, by reason of her idle hours for the imbibing of copious draughts of sunlight." Competitors are invited to approach the study of other feminine types in Meredith's manner. Length 200 words. Entries by January 28.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 880

**Set by Naomi Lewis**

The usual prizes are offered for a Cautionary Tale in not more than 12 lines of verse.

**Report by Naomi Lewis**

Caution is the right note for mid-January; if we are past mending ourselves, let us turn our attention to the faults of others. I see that the range of sins has not greatly increased since the time of Belloc. Among the new ones are atom-meddling, nylon-cornering, queue-jumping and (this was nice) Laughing during the Third Programme. Otherwise the same bad habits prevail: murder, arson, gluttony, inadequate regard to rich and failing relatives, and so forth. Why, I ask myself, are so many injunctions addressed to Peers? Can it be that most of us have a relative or two by now in the Upper House? But though what seemed to be a vast number of consciences were in the right place, execution was often flimsy. The Cautionary Tale should begin with portent and end with doom; over all should hang a rich complacency. I recommend that H. G. W. and N. P. Meadway share the first prize of three guineas, and that the remaining three guineas be divided between Leslie Johnson, Willy Tadpole, Senior Commander Currie, Cactus, R. D. C. and I. Cecil Saul. Close runners-up are J. R. Till, V. H. Friedlaender, K. S. J., Gordon Simpson, H. A. C. Evans, D. H., Terence Melican, C. J. Galpin, Dudley Richards, Elizabeth Meldrum and Fergie. I propose to write my own cautionary tale on F. C. C. who Perversely Refused to keep within the Line Limit and Thereby Lost a Prize.

TED,
Whose Parents encouraged him to Eat, and thereby brought Sorrow on their Own Heads.

When he was Seven, little Ted
Would never finish up his Bread,
And though his Mother said, "You Must,"
He always left at Least the Crust;
So Pa, to teach the Wilful Lad,
Would Lay About with all he Had.

Now Ted at Seventeen devours
A week's B.U.s in Thirty hours.
His Parents, growing Thin and Glum,
Are lucky if they get a Crumb.

Moral:

No modern Parent, if he's Wise,
Will teach his Child to Gormandize.

H. G. W.

HENRY SPROTT,
Who was an Infant Prodigy, and Died Young.

This is the tale of Henry Sprott
Who was a Horrid Little Swot.
Before he reached the Age of Two
He had read Horace through and through,
And in the Nursery at Three
Expounded Relativity.
At Five, well, you will scarcely guess,
He had become an F.R.S.
At Six, the Loathsome Little Toad
Discussed Philosophy with Joad.
But mercifully, when he was Seven,
The child Expired, and Went to Heaven.

N. P. Meadway

Staying with Henry one week-end,
I urged my Sabbath-keeping friend
To break for once his rigid code
And join me on the open road.
I went alone; he kept the date,
But as he reached the churchyard gate
A motorist named William Clegg
Ran over him and broke his leg.
To point the moral's not my task,
And yet I'd venture here to ask,
Had Henry's fate been mine instead,
What would our moralists have said?

Leslie Johnson

In his ancestral home at Kirkham
Lord B. had looms but couldn't work 'em.
They were all heirlooms from the first
Lord B. who had been proudly-pursed
And with inventions always busy.
(He bought his Barony from Dizzy.)
For fun, of course, and not for pelf
Young B. once tried the looms himself,
And soon the Butler found him dead,
Self-strangled in a mile of thread
By several bobbins interlinked.

The Barony is now extinct.

Willy Tadpole

Agatha was mad to write,
Slaved at novels day and night,
Not realising that the game
Brings neither cash nor giddy fame.
Agatha is now so poor
She's pawned the clothes that once she wore
And even in winter's chilly nip
Wears only a rejection slip.

Senior Commander Currie

Lord Twizzle (9th Earl) had to pay
Such large amounts on Schedule A,
He had to sell the family plate
And half his grouse-shooting estate.
His second footman, Albert Scott,
Paid ready cash and bought the lot.
The moral is that only fools
Scorn to invest in Football Pools.

Cactus
*(Name and address, please.)*

*This* person's long prevailing sin
Is sending little entries in;
Nor does he blush to air his powers
By writing verse in office hours.
One day a most important Minute
Went on its way containing in it
(Bound up by accident) a new
And rather bawdy Clerihew.
The subsequent official frown.
Took quite a lot of living down.
And mixing work (the moral lies)
With play, you'll always miss the prize.

R. D. C.

BOOZE HOUND.

Lord Bottleneck, Lord Bottleneck,
You'll die of Champagne (*Extra Sec*) . . .
Remember Baron Bottlenose
Who leaving Lady Temperance
To woo the Vintage Wines of France,
Died blotto in a *maison close* . . .
Remember too, my Lord Tom Noddy,
Who swore he fathomed Sober Truth
In seas of Vodka and Vermouth,
And drowned in a huge tun of Toddy . . .
Moral? Stick to Pure Water. (I
Drink only Bourbon, Scotch or Rye . . .)

I. Cecil Saul

**Appointments Vacant**

L.C.C. Children's Care Work. Applics. invited from women for post of Principal Organiser of Children's Care Work. Salary scale £500-£25-£650, together with special allowance of £50 p.a. A cost of living addn. at present varying from £12 to £76 accord. to salary, is also payable. This addn. may be included later in consolidated salaries. Successful candidate will work under direction of Asst. Educ. Officer for special educational services, and duties attached to post will involve: (i) Organisation of voluntary services rendered to Council's Educ. Ctree., in advising and helping parents (in co-ordination with Council's statutory duties) on matters relating to welfare of their children in attendance at schools maintained and assisted by Council, (ii) Such other statutory welfare work for school children as may be assigned to her and, (iii) The organisation of work of staff of Care Committee Organisers. Applics. should be made on forms obtainable from Educ. Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped add. foolscap env. nec.), and returned by Feb. 20. Other things being equal, pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Canvassing disqualifies. (1462.)

RESEARCH in the Physiology of Learning. An opportunity has arisen for appointment of Research Worker to investigate the mechanism of Learning in various animals, and in the first inst. in Octopus; work to be done under direction of Prof. J. Z. Young, partly at Biological Station at Naples and partly at Univ. College, London. Applics. invited from men/women with training in Biology or Medicine. Appointment will be for three years in first inst., and salary £600-£800 p.a., according to age and exp. In addition special exps. of research and fare to Naples will be met. Applics. to be sent forthwith to Secretary, University College, London, Gower St. W.C.1.

L.C.C. Charge Physiotherapist (woman), salary in accordance with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Ctree. on Salaries and Wages (Hospital Staffs), at present £320, rising to £380 p.a. (scale under review), reqd. at Sutton Emergency Hospital, Brighton Rd., Sutton, Surrey, Comm. salary according to exp. Must be regd. with Chartered Soc. of Physiotherapy. If otherwise suitable, pref. given to regd. disabled person. Applic. forms from Med. Supt. at Hospital. (3377.)

CITY and County of Bristol. Applics. invited for appointment Psychiatric Social Worker at Child Guidance Clinic. Candidate should possess Mental Health Certificate London School of Economics or other approved certificate, previous exp. in Child Guidance desirable. Post whole-time appointment, subject Local Government Superann. Act, 1937, and person appointed will be reqd. undergo medical examination. Sal. in accordance with National Scale, viz., £320, rising by annual increments of £20 to max. £480 p.a., com. sal. dependent on previous exp. Applic. forms and further partics. from G. H. Sylvester, Chief Education Officer, 2 Cecil Rd. Clifton, Bristol, 8, to be returned as soon as possible endorsed "Psychiatric Social Worker," and accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials.

UNIV. College, Leicester. Wanted, Warden of a Hostel for 100 women students. Comm. salary £375/£425 p.a., according to qualifics. and exp., plus board-res. Post is pensionable under Federated Superann. System for Universities. Applics., giving full partics. of educ., training and exp., should be sent by Jan. 31, to Registrar, University College, Leicester, and should be accompanied by copies of two recent testimonials and names of two other refs. Further partics. from Registrar.

**Appointments Vacant—continued**

PROBATION Training Board. Applics. for training for employment as probation officers can be considered from candidates between ages 22/36 who possess a Social Sci. Cert. or equiv. educ. qualifics., and who have had some practical exp. of general social/welfare work. Great importance attached to personality and to genuine interest in treatment of delinquents. Further partics., with information about payments allowed during training, and forms of applic., from Secretary, Probation Training Board, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.1.

ISLE of Wight C.C. Educ. Ctee. Reqd. in Sept., 1947, Head Master of new Secondary Modern School which will open at "Fairy Court," Shanklin. Applics. invited from suitably quald. teachers with varied teaching exp. Premises at "Fairy Court" are only temp. accomm. to provide solely for approx. 90 children of the 14-15 age group. The Authority are planning to erect within next two years a 3-form entry mixed Sec. Modern School to serve Sandown/Shanklin area, and person appointed to Headship at "Fairy Court" will become the Head Master of new school. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Grade IV School. Further partics. and application forms, which should be completed and returned by Jan. 31, may be obtained upon receipt of a stamped add. foolscap env. from A. L. Hutchinson, Director of Educ., Educ. Office, County Hall, Newport, I.W.

LIBRARY Cataloguer reqd. for Dr. Williams's Library to undertake cataloguing of 17th and 18th Century books and pamphlets, expected to take about 5 yrs. Applicants pref. should have knowledge of Nonconformist history and should be Fellows or Associates of the Library Assoc. Sal. £400 p.a. Apply, giving full partics. of qualifics. and exp., to Secretary, Dr. Williams's Trust, 14 Gordon Sq. London, W.C.1, before Jan. 25, 1947.

OXFORD County and City Mental Hospital, Littlemore, Nr. Oxford. Lady to act as Warden to Nurses' Home and Welfare Officer. Age 30/40. Pref. given to candidate holding Domestic Sci. qualific. and prev. exp. in Welfare Work. Post will be resident and salary £250-£350, according to qualifics. and exp., together with emoluments consisting of furn. rooms, board, laundry and uniform, valued for superann. purposes at £140 p.a. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., to Medical Superintendent forthwith.

Y.M.C.A. Applics. invited for full-time posts in Young Men's Christian Assoc. Candidates must be men of Christian character and convictions, under 30 years of age, with at least matric. standard of education, administrative ability, and qualities of leadership. Y.M.C.A. training to be taken. Applic. form from Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

CANTEEN Controller (lady) reqd. to organise and supervise staff canteen for 80 persons. Must have knowledge of dietetics and catering exp. Combined with duties are those of Welfare Officer. Applicant must be prepared to take wholehearted interest in staff welfare and will be reqd. to organise evening and some week-end social events. Sal. according to past exp. and ability. Living accomm. can be provided. Letters only, marked "Canteen Supervisor," to Alliance Bldg. Society, Princes House, North St. Brighton.

SECRETARY'S Assistant reqd. by Medical Institute, gd. shorthand and typing, some book-keeping and knowl. general office routine necessary. Full partics. to Gen. Sec., Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 8 Bourdon St. Davies St. W.1.

**Appointments Vacant—continued**

FOOD Advice Demonstrators (expd. women) reqd. by Ministry of Food, in London area immediately. Should have had 2/3 years Domestic Sci. Training at approved College, and have obtained diploma. Salary £5 4s. to £6 4s. p.w., according to age and qualifics. Applics., which must be in writing, stating date of birth, full details of qualifics. and exp. (incl. list in chronological order of posts held) and quoting ref. No. J.M. 166, should be addressed to Ministry of Labour and Natl. Service, London Appts. Office, 1-6 Tavistock Sq. W.C.1.

KENT Educ. Ctee. School Meals Service. Applics. invited from trained and exp. women for appointments on foll. salary scales: —Area Supervisors: £366 p.a. × £12 to £405; Cook Housekeepers and Cook Supervisors—Grade I: £172 p.a. × £12 to £240; Grade II: £252 p.a. × £12 to £288; Grade III: £304 p.a. × £12 to £340; Asst. Cook Housekeepers and Asst. Cook Supervisors—Grade I: £172 p.a. × £12 to £240. There are the foll. vacancies:—Area Supervisors—various areas of the County. Cook Housekeepers at Tonbridge and Maidstone; Assistant Cook Housekeeper at Gravesend; Cook Supervisors at Ashford, Sheerness, Teynham near Sittingbourne, Faversham, Cudham near Orpington, St. Mary Cray and Sturry; Assistant Cook Supervisors at Faversham, Deal and Malling. All posts pensionable. Med. exam. Posts for Area Supervisors carry temp. cost of living bonus of approx. £48 p.a. Other posts carry temp. cost of living bonus of approx. £35 p.a. as mid-day meals and light refreshments are provided during term-time. Amount of temporary cost of living bonus is less in the case of women under age of 21. Partics. and applic. forms from County Educ. Officer, Springfield, Maidstone.

HERTS C.C. St. Albans Day Continuation School. Principal: H. C. Morris, B.Sc., A.I.Mech.E. Applics. invited for post of Asst. Master to teach Mathematics and Science at above school. Some industrial exp. desirable but not essential. Post offers excellent exp. for subsequent County College work. Applic. forms from F. Goacher, District Educ. Office, 96 Victoria St., St. Albans.

MEDICAL Research Council require two senior secretaries for work with their Pneumokoniosis Research Unit, Cardiff. Good shorthand/typist and knowledge of office routine essen. Interesting jobs dealing with different aspects of research into causation and prevention of dust exposure on diseases of miners. Plenty of scope for intelligence and initiative. Sal. according qualifics. Applics. to Director, 32 The Parade, Cardiff, by Jan. 31.

WANTED for Natl. Trade Union Club, full-time Secretary-Manager, salary £350 and emoluments. Applics. marked "Sec.-Man.," to Chairman, N.T.U.C., 12 Gt. Newport St. W.C.2, before Jan. 25.

SECRETARY in charge Appeals Dept. reqd. Res. in London. Excel. prospects for expert Shthnd.-Typist prepared to take keen interest in work. Accustomed keeping accurate detailed records and handling corresp. Com. sal. £300 p.a. Superann. scheme. Box 4934.

APPLICS. invited from efficient shorthand-typists acquainted with office procedure and able to undertake routine admin. responsibilities of interesting nature at Child Guidance Clinic proposed to be opened by the West Sussex County Council in Worthing early in New Year. Salary in accordance with Natl. Joint Council Scale (General Division), according to age (e.g. age 22—£320 p.a., plus bonus £48, superann.). T. C. Hayward, County Hall, Chichester.

**Appointments Vacant—continued**

CAPABLE Nursery School Teacher, under 30, able to fit in informal, homely residential nursery in Kent. Must be willing, work with other staff and able take charge. Exp. of under threes and difficult children up to 5 yrs. an asset. Box 4763.

WANTED, in a well-known Preparatory School nr. London, Master well qualified to undertake 1st XI coaching in cricket and football. Box 5018.

SUPERINTENDENT and Matron for Hostel for 20 boys on probation, living accom. provided. Apply, giving refs., when available, exp. and suggested salary, to Mayers, 25 Whitefields Rd. Solihull, Warcs.

FIRST-CLASS pte. sec. reqd. for new publication on current Anglo-American affairs. Write stating qual., sal., etc. Box 5276.

**Appointments Wanted**

LONDON graduate, Hons. English, brains, wide interests, 26, seeks interesting new post. Box 4430.

**Accommodation Vacant and Wanted**

ST. John's Wood: 2-divan rm., own entrance hall and bathrm. Cent. htg. Const. h. & c. B'fast. Garage. Suit quiet gentlemen. Refs. 7 gns. Linen and service. Box 4230.

FURN. country house nr. Marlow (cent. htg., all amenities) available at nominal rent to family willing to provide housekeeping services for elderly lady who retains own independent apartments. Write Prof. Florence, 128 Selly Park Rd. Birmingham 29.

**Where to Stay and Restaurants**

WESTCLIFF-on-Sea.—A few vacancies in spacious house with lounges overlooking sea, 5 mins. station, electric radiators, h. & c. all bedrooms, efficient staff, every comfort, farm produce and game available, full-size billiards, garage, etc. Box 4047.

OWN produce, Vi-springs, modern convenience, view, peace, flowers. Beadon Prior Hotel, Salcombe, South Devon.

GUISNES Court Hotel, Tolleshunt d'Arcy 259, Essex. Every comfort and attention offered. Games rm. Club lic. Near sea. Vacs. for permanent resids. Ideal for week-ends. 1½ hrs. Lond. Freedom and friendly atmos.

OLD Sussex village. Good country food and comfortable house two minutes from station. Terms, 5 gns. weekly. Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Tel. 148.

MANOR House Hotel, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos. Still a few vacancies in this delightful, historic Cotswold Manor. From 6 to 10 gns. Phone/wire Moreton-in-Marsh 101.

BOURNEMOUTH'S loveliest private hotel, "Miramar," East Overcliff. H. & C. basins, telephones all bedrooms, lift, lock-ups, night porter. Resident Proprietors, Bournemouth 1081.

COMFORTABLE, restful accom. for one or two people needing change and relaxation. Eminently suitable for writer. Informal atmosphere. Cen. htg., garage (3 cars). Good walking and riding, Forest/Downs. £4 p.w. Plough Cottage, Marlborough, Wilts.

THATCHED cott. Guest Hse., country h's. Bus Camb. 6 m. Haines, Eversden, Cambs.

SWITZERLAND. Guests received in large and splendidly situated chalet in Swiss Alps. Winter sports, Spring Skiing, Summer and Autumn seasons. Good cuisine. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, B. W. Allistone, Chalet Bon Accueil, Chateau d'Oex.

EAT any time from noon till 10.30 p.m. at Greek Restaurant (Jupiter's Pillars). Fully licensed, good wines. 32 Gt. Queen St. W.C.2. Room for parties. HOL. 6283. G. Demetriou.


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General Manager (Staff): C. FITZHERBERT.

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS.

31*st December*, 1946.

| LIABILITIES. | £ | £ |
|---|---|---|
| Current, Deposit and other Accounts | 1,160,295,097 | |
| Balances in account with Subsidiary Banks | 11,431,011 | |
| | | 1,171,726,108 |
| Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of Customers | | 30,981,332 |
| Paid-up Capital | | 15,858,217 |
| Reserve Fund | | 12,258,000 |

| ASSETS. | £ | £ |
|---|---|---|
| Cash in Hand and with the Bank of England | | 98,964,528 |
| Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection | | 47,625,900 |
| Money at Call and Short Notice | | 67,270,600 |
| Bills Discounted | | 156,015,890 |
| Treasury Deposit Receipts | | 339,000,000 |
| Investments | | 278,619,773 |
| Investment in Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation Limited:— 2,638 Shares of £1,000 each, £100 paid up | | 263,800 |
| Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost, *less* amounts written off):— The British Linen Bank—£1,242,295 5s. 0d. Stock | | 3,726,886 |
| Other Banks—(including fully paid Stock and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited) | | 2,497,019 |
| Advances:—Customers and other Accounts | 197,001,053 | |
| Balances in account with Subsidiary Banks | 959,885 | |
| | | 197,960,938 |
| Liability of Customers for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc. | | 30,981,332 |
| Bank Premises and Adjoining Properties (at cost, *less* amounts written off) | | 7,888,991 |

**Head Office: 54, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.**

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